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1912

“The Glory of God is Intelligence”

IMPROVEMENT ERA, VOLUME XV.

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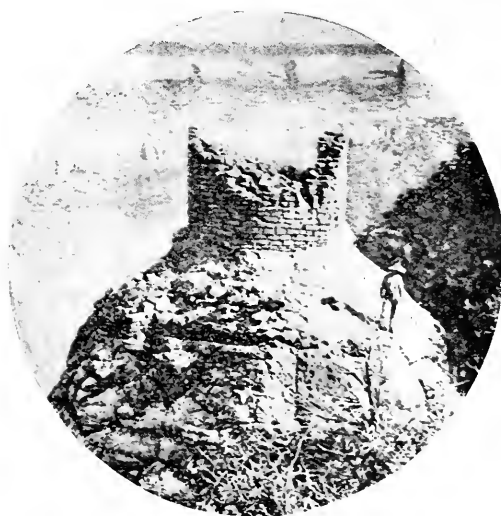
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IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. XV

OCTOBER, 1912

No. 12

The New Testament in Literature and History

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY

III

However great the literature of the New Testament may be, that is chiefly a matter of form, of dress. It is also, and mainly, by reason of the ideas it contains that this invaluable book is to be held in such reverence.

The New Testament, in the first place, contains the wisest things that have ever been said.

Ewald declared that "in this little book is contained the best wisdom of the world."

"Take the five classics of Confucius," says Canon Farrar, "the *Vedas*, the *Tripitaka*, the whole collection of the *Sacred Books of the East*, the *Dialogues* of Plato, the *Ethics* of Aristotle, the moral treatises of Cicero, *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, the letters of Seneca to Lucilius, the *Thoughts* of Marcus Aurelius, the *Koran* of Mohammed—all that represents the very crown and flower of Pagan morality; then turn to the Christian literature, and cull every noble thought you can find in the Fathers, in the schoolmen, in the Mystics, in the *Imitatio Christi*, in the Puritan divines, in Tauler and John Bunyan, in Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, or Butler in the *Whole Duty of Man*, and the writings of the early evangelists: and while in all Pagan and some Christian books you may find imperfect and even pernicious elements, you will *not* find, either before or after Christ, one single or fruitful rule or principle of morals (to say nothing of the

deepest truths of religion) for which we could not quote deeper reasons and a more powerful enforcement from the brief pages of the New Testament alone."

And, putting the same idea in different words, Whittier says:

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

As examples of some of these wise sayings, take the following:

"Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy."

"Ye can do nothing against, but for, the truth."

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, [love] I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear."

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

All these sayings go down for their origin into the very deeps of our common nature.

The New Testament, secondly, contains an account of the only ideal character known to history—Jesus Christ, our Lord.

When we speak of an ideal we mean something that embodies all that we are striving to attain for ourselves. Jesus is such an ideal. If you look at the lives of the best men and women that the race has produced, not only will you find something here and there in their character that is more or less unworthy, but you will find that those of them who knew of Christ looked to him as their pattern, while in the lives of those who knew him not, their character and conduct and sayings are admir-

able only to the extent that they conformed with what he was and did and said.

Here is what some men of varying beliefs have said of Christ as an ideal. Strauss declared that "Christ is the one character without the idea of whom in the mind personal piety is impossible." "The Man of sorrows," said James Martineau, "is an exemplar, the Son of God our spiritual ideal." John Stuart Mill believed that there was no better life for a man to live here below than such a one as Christ would approve. "Our highest Orpheus," says Carlyle, "walked in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago. His sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and divinely leads them." Thus Christ has become the accepted ideal of human life—"the conscience of humanity."

It would take up too much space to describe even briefly the qualities of Christ's character. But a few of the main traits may be mentioned.

Christ was sincere. Examine yourself and your associates and see how common insincerity is in the world. We say things to our friends which we do not in our hearts mean. We act insincerely, assuming to be what we are not. But Christ was always and invariably sincere. It was easy and natural for him to be so.

Christ was reasonable. Reasonableness is not so common as we sometimes think. We are always doing what we know is not reasonable. We dress unreasonably. Jesus never did. "Swear not at all," "life is more than food," "the body is more than raiment," are some of his precepts. His test of truth is the most reasonable ever advanced: "If you wish to know whether a thing is true, then live it."

Jesus had perfect poise. "Most men are so poorly balanced you can push them with very little pressure into an unmanly speech, into an un-Christian disposition. Jesus was so firmly poised that under the pressure of the most venomous vituperation that has ever been hurled against a man, he stood erect, unmoved, unmovable."

Christ had patience. He calmly waited for what was to be.

He was never excited, in a hurry. He endured uncomplainingly. Knowing early as he must have known, that he was the Christ, he yet shows no impatience during thirty years to begin his mission. He patiently waited for the time of the Lord.

Christ exhibited great courage. He never showed fear of anything. Not only did he have courage in the face of physical danger, but he possessed courage in moral situations—which is always higher. It took courage to announce himself before those among whom he had grown to manhood. He spoke out to those who sat in the high places when it was necessary. He exposed wickedness and hypocrisy wherever he found them. "And yet his courage never overleaps itself and becomes audacity or recklessness."

Jesus was reverent. He was perpetually reverent, with that reverence that "moves in high altitudes." He it was that taught us "Hallowed by thy name." One of his earliest exhortations was "Honor all men." His reverence for the temple and for houses of worship was unfailing. Unlike us, his associates could not, had they so desired, have tempted him into irreverence.

These and a great many other qualities were exhibited in Christ in a perfection never reached in any other person on the earth, and these it is that ever since his day we have been endeavoring to imitate. The best men and women are those who most nearly approach these qualities in him.

The New Testament, in the third place, contains ideas that have altogether changed the course of history and made life different for each one of us from what it would be had not the New Testament been written. "For seven hundred years," says Lessing, the New Testament Scriptures "have exercised human reason more than all other books, and enlightened it more."

To speak briefly again, these are some of the main truths of this great volume which have influenced the minds of men:

First, The fatherhood of God. Christ was the first to speak of God as "our Father." On the face of it, it does not matter what relation we bear to God, or whether we bear any. In reality, however, it makes the greatest difference. To the Pagans, for the most part, God was a power external to themselves which showed itself beneficently in the rain and the sunshine, but malignantly in the thunder and the flood—there was no relationship

between them and him. In a sense he was, in Carlyle's phrase, "an absentee God sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of the universe, and seeing it go," without any other concern as to *how* it was going. That is not the God of the Bible. The name "Father," used for the first time in the New Testament, implies a relationship of interest, of concern, of love, of watch-care, of direction, of helpfulness—in a word, of every good affection of an earthly parent, only in a perfect degree. This relation, too, has changed our conduct. God is nearer us than he would otherwise be, and we are anxious to please him. That is what the fatherhood of God signifies.

Nor is that all. In the word "our" is involved a second great idea—the brotherhood of man. "All ye are brethren," is the emphatic doctrine of the New Testament. This is essentially the same as the doctrine of equality and fraternity in politics and government. It has taken centuries for men to grasp the meaning of this great truth, and we are yet a long way from its practical application. The New Testament takes no recognition, except in way of condemnation, of class distinctions based on wealth, color, blood, or any other artificial, arbitrary classification. The only class distinction it recognizes is that between those who do right and those who do wrong. Otherwise all men are the same in the sight of God.

The effect of this idea in civilized history has been enormous. Before Christ, and for a long time afterwards, racial distinctions, and, within nations, class distinctions, were very pronounced. Even the Jew of Christ's day regarded the Gentile as a dog to be spit upon and spurned. But during comparatively recent years we have learned that at bottom all men are much the same. "The race mind of the Chinese," says Professor Ross, in *The Changing Chinese*, "is not appreciably different from our own, and their so-called race traits are what we would probably show if we had been subjected to their circumstances and historical development." And so we are learning more and more that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." And as a result of this doctrine, in time, hate between races and classes will be done away with, and war, as an outgrowth of hate. Universal peace must reign and every man seek, not his own, but his brother's welfare.

A third idea which is developed in the New Testament and which has had large influence on the minds of men is the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and the future existence. Briefly explained, it is this: That there is a soul in man which existed before it tabernacled in the flesh, and will continue to exist after its mortal state; that mortality is merely a stage in the development of this spirit, its contact with grosser material being necessary to its eternal progress; and finally, that this earth, which was prepared for man, will be his home after the resurrection of the body, where he will continue to exercise all the wholesome soul-functions as he did in mortality, becoming more and more God-like as he develops. This, of course, is not the precise form in which this idea has always influenced men. Nor do I mean to infer that immortality is first taught in the New Testament, for it has been understood, in one form or another, by every nation of men; but it is there developed and clarified as it is nowhere else in ancient writings.

Bishop Carpenter, of the English Episcopal Church, names three ethical ideas as including the basis of Christ's teaching as found in the New Testament, and as having greatly influenced the stream of civilization. They are (1) the doctrine of goodness, (2) moral sympathy and responsiveness, and (3) love as the ruling thought which gives coherence to the other two principles and to all that grows out of them.

It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of these three ideas. To them is traceable the constantly growing effort to work righteousness individually and collectively. "There can be, so long as we are honest men," said a presidential candidate recently, "no quarter with any man who deals privately or publicly in a practice that is unrighteous; and a man who lays himself, his life, down for that purpose, ought to die more happy than he lived." Such a standard is that set down by Christ nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The torch still burns. To these ideas are traceable every effort to ameliorate the condition of the down-trodden, the oppressed, the unfortunate among our fellows. That we have hospitals, asylums for the insane, schools for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, is due to the operation in the human mind of these three ideas. It is the influence of these ideas that overthrew slavery in English territory and in the United States. It is the

spirit of these ideas that is at work in the slums of our larger cities everywhere in the civilized world endeavoring to make the lot of those poor people a little less hard to bear. It is this same spirit that has enacted laws protecting women and children who work in shops and factories. And, in a word, so long as we go on feeling helpfully for the weak, the unfortunate, the helpless, the down-trodden, it will be due, directly or indirectly, to the principles of righteousness, of humanity, of sympathy, and of love taught so clearly and beautifully in the New Testament.

To sum up: I have attempted in these pages to give two reasons why we should familiarize ourselves with the New Testament. Those two reasons are (1) that it is part of the greatest Book in the world, judged purely from a literary point of view; and (2) that it contains ideas that have influenced the world of thought and conduct more than any others. I have tried to show, under the first, that the masters of our English speech have been unstinting in their praise of the literary form and style of this volume, and that one cannot really appreciate our mother tongue, in its greatest works, without a knowledge of the Bible; and, under the second heading, that the New Testament contains the wisest sayings known to men, that it contains an account of the only ideal character of which we have any record, and that its teachings concerning the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the life everlasting, the principles of goodness, sympathy and love, as the standard of life, have made life, individual and social, wholly different from what it would be had not the New Testament been written.

What remains is for us to make up our minds not to let a day pass without giving a little of our time every day to the greatest Book in the world.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: for a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will be withheld from them that walk up-rightly.—*Psalms 84*.

Hiking the Trail

A Ballad of the Boys

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY

(*Air: Mountain Air*)

Didn't hear of the hike of the M. I. A. Scouts?
Why, where have you been, you lazy louts?
Swinging in hammock on holidays,
While patriotism its homage pays
To the heroism of earlier days!
Didn't hear how we tramped on the Pioneer Trail,
O'er craggy crest and through verdant vale,
Past sagebrush slope, on sun-flowered plain,
How we marched up the hill and marched down again?
Didn't hear of the hike? Well, you'll hear of it now,
Whether jumping the counter or pushing the plow,
Whether driving a bargain, a mule or a cow,
You'll hear and you'll see, for I've taken my pen
To make the dead past live over again.
So come with me o'er the old beaten route,
With ringing laughter and resonant shout.
Hark! 'Tis the five o'clock bugle—turn out.
And list to the tale of the hiking Scout!

'Twas Sunday, the 21st, sharp 7:10,
When the Burley forms of the railroad men
Got out of the way, and the boys got in,
With blanket and haversack, greeting and grin,
And rumbled away from the O. S. L.,
Beginning the trip and the tale I tell.
In khaki suit and with straw-thatched pate,
Knife, fork, spoon, and a bright tin plate,
They looked like yellow journalists,
Fleeing from roused up hornets' nests.
But no—true blue each husky feller,
And yet in every sense a yeller.
There were no drones, from A to Z,
Each yellow jack was a working bee.

What need of "nine tailors to make a man,"
With the kind of Taylor that led our van?
A better man or Scout Director
You've never met, and you needn't expect ter.
And Midgley, he no midget either,
Imperfect any hike with neither.
Of Master Scouts the Woods were full;
Beyond that push was the Bowers pull;
Then Bountiful Briggs with jackets of tan,
Bayard Taylor, the Coalville clan,
And Irwin Clawson—gentleman.

Who would not with such troopers train—
Something's the matter with his brain,
But not gray matter—that is plain.

Our wheel had felloes from the Hub,
Who spoke through The News and the Herald Repub.
Ben Franklin Roberts and Doctor Brown, too—
Gee! how the wireless, tireless flew,
While their cameras made us "too good to be true".

Our army, strong and well equipt,
(One hundred eighteen I think we shipt)
Boasted a General who'd ne'er been whipt,
A regular Boanerges' son—
General Order Number One.
We followed him where'er he went—
At least until his force was spent,
And General Order Number Two,
Succeeding him, hove into view.
Of General Orders there were more,
Of General Boarders nigh a score,
Smashers of baggage, three or four,
Committeemen and guests galore.
Top-heaved by the titled horde,
The M. I. A. looked rather Board.

And other trials thronged the path,
Foreshadowing the Day of Wrath;
Ed. Anderson, Moroni Snow
("Era"-tic pair) along must go,
And June Wells— yes, fate willed it so—
To certain observations make,
Uncertain observations take.
They had a sort of instrument
(And reverently above it bent)
Which proved the sun as far from us
As we from it; they made a fuss
If incredulity sought out
The cooling shadow of a doubt.
They figured Earth was nearer Heaven,
By "sixty feet" than in forty-seven.
And J. H. Paul affirmed it, too,
For he had looked the same lens through.

But why, O Muse, anticipate?
In ordered sequence now narrate
The various happenings that befell;
That History may hereafter tell
How we trudged the trail of the Pioneers,
Woke slumbering echoes of sixty years—
Sixty and five, to be accurate;
Stormed the walls of the Bee-Hive State,
Unhonored, but likewise unstung,
Thanks to the line through those passes flung,
And those other "passes" of "Grandy" Young.
Then, on fair Utah's natal date,
Came down to the Park to celebrate.

Back now to the front of the M. I. Scouts—
 The Mutual Improvers on one of their "outs!"
 You've heard how they left the O. S. I.,
 And now on other deeds I'll dwell.

At Peter-Skeen-Ogden—famed old town,
 Dehyphenated and cut down
 (They gotta quit kickin' that name araoun)—
 Our special car, on rails U. P.,
 Sped on to Echo. We could see
 The Pulpit Rock, the Devil Slide,
 A big Red Fork the waters divide;
 And still the wonders multiplied.
 Nor least, young Nebeker's bugle call,
 Re-echoing from the rocky wall,
 Near to "The Narrows," loved and hated,
 Where Johnston's army hesitated,
 Wells in front and Winter behind,
 And then to halt made up its mind.

"March!" said the military powers,
 "This day fair Henefer is ours!"
 So spake the second in command.
 Lord Roberts, General Grant's right hand,
 Assisted by the Morgan band,
 And reinforced by General Lund
 And General Lyman—each a fund
 Of loyal valor—in good form
 Charged on and took the town by storm.
 They charged us nothing. My! 'twas warm—
 Hot gospeling they got that day,
 Hamsandwiching our staff and stay,
 Ere to the hills we hiked away,
 To hear Paul preach and Roberts orate,
 And Whitnev stale jokes perpetrate.
 We made a Rule—to 'preciate
 (Whether ap or de was somewhat mixt—
 Rule took his choice when the pre was fixt)
 A Good Rule (Wells) whose proxy smirk
 Saved the whole camp a lot of work.

Main Canyon was our halt that night
 (No other halt or maimed in sight);
 But ere we slept, by bonfire bright,
 Saluted we with might and main
 And sang, "The Flag Without a Stain,"
 Then heard of noble Orson Pratt,
 Who led the "vanguard" and a' that.
 The time, the place, the theme, were pat,
 And the orator his best was at.
 At half past nine the bugle said:
 "Quantum sufficit—get to bed!"
 "Taps" sounded, and the camp seemed dead,
 Save that anon the billows of snore
 Began to break on the Lethean shore;
 They kept on breaking more and more,
 Every rumble becoming a roar,
 Till other horns mingled their musical pour,

And "reveille" sounded for half past four.
So Hyrum Smith said, and so the rest swore.
By the way, he who cussed on the Pioneer Line
Got a cup of cold water put next to his spine.

Up for the like at break of day,
The hungry Scouts, with some dismay,
Heard—and at the hearing groaned—
That breakfast hour had been postponed.
A march of two miles intervened,
Ere one might have his soup tureened,
Or munch a morsel of difficult tack
From individual haversack.

"What did I hear?" asked Junius F.
"Nothing—march on!" The stern-eyed Chef
A fig from out his wallet took,
Gave him one Barbara Freitchie look,
Then flung a Stonewall glance at us,
And mounted his Bucephalus.
For some must ride while some must walk,
And listen while the others talk.
A mutiny seemed "breaking out,"
And smallpox threatened every Scout.
"Who touches a hair of yon soup," said he—
'Twas enough; that quelled the mutiny.
All hungry cravings now were stayed,
All appetite was lowly laid.
The boys marched out in gallant style.
Hills rose before them, pile on pile—
But no grub-pile, yet hearts were gay,
With breakfast just two miles(?) away.

There's little truth in much of this,
But it makes good reading, hit or miss;
And what would comic poets do,
If limited to what is true?

Along the road four miles or so,
As measured by Moroni Snow—
Who almost melted then and there,
So summary the simmery glare—
We halted upon Dixie Creek.
That hungry we could hardly speak.
Endurance would no farther go,
And every joy there turned to "whoa!"

"Nature abhors a vacuum"—
The Scouts knew how she hated 'um;
And each the void now sought to fill,
Thus winning back the Dame's sweet will.
And soon, with every want supplied,
On, onward o'er the hills we bled.
Pray do not deem us gourmands quite;
Eating was thought of last—at night.

Brown got off a good thing that day—
Got off his horse on a high dug-way.

Surrendering into Whitney's hand
 The liveliest centaur in the land:
 A Revolutionary horse,
 From old Colonial days, of course,
 Stumbling, revolving o'er and o'er,
 From mountain road to reservoir,
 Rolling till he could roll no more,
 Then sticking fast in the muddy shore.
 Though with the Scouts he took no swim,
 None needed it much more than him.
 His pedigree no doubt was pure—
 A genuine 'Colt revolver,' sure,
 But went off rather premature.

Where Woods met Bowers beneath the trees,
 And from these woods made bowers of ease,
 We formed Camp Clayton, named for him
 Who wrote the sweet consoling hymn,
 "Come, come, nor toil nor labor fear"—
 A brave true-hearted Pioneer.
 There ting-a-linged the light guitar
 To ballads of the Civil War,
 Marching with Sherman to the Sea,
 Reviving days of minstrelsy.

O. F. had heard B. H. orate,
 And now tried hard to imitate,
 Giving the orator tit for tat,
 A "Brigham Young" for an "Orson Pratt."

Paul, the apostle of birds and bees,
 At home among the rocks and trees,
 Warned us of ivy—not Ivy Paul,
 Sweetest, most dangerous plant of all—
 But ivy of the three-leaved kind
 You're more than glad to leave behind.
 Poison segoes, they might be seen,
 But swallowed—Presto! change of scene.
 He taught with fluency and force,
 "Fought a good fight" and finished the course.

We bundled into bed at ten,
 And slept till after midnight, when
 Two horses owned by Hyrum Grant
 Began to snort and puff and pant,
 Tug at their ropes and rip and rant,
 Pulling the wagon here and there,
 Rattlety bang and rattlety blare,
 Till on each head stood every hair.
 Most everything comes Heber's way,
 And when it comes it comes to stay;
 He feared 'twould be so in this case,
 And with those horses ran a race—
 They for his bunk, he from the same,
 In costume that I dare not name.
 No handicap nor steeple chase—
 In plain night-cap he set the pace.
 "Whoa! whoa!"—and jumping out of bed,
 Incontinently broke and fled.

The nightmares roamed no more that night,
And next time Hyrum tied more tight.

"Build me a bridge, Horatius,"

Quoth Consul Grant next day.

"Ye with three more to help ye—

Build with what speed ye may."

B. H. (bridge hiker) streamward strode,

Hyrumius likewise went,

And Junius and Moroni S.,

With that blamed instrument.

The bridge, when built, hung tottering

Above the boiling tide;

The Scouts—d'ye think they'd head that way?—

They chose the steep hillside.

'Twas well—with splash like thunder

Fell every misfit beam,

And many a dam about that time

Went sputtering down the stream.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!

Yeast Canyon Creek hath riz!

Back, Hyrum M., back, Junius R.,

Back through the foaming fizz!"

Back waded brave Horatius,

Hyrumius waded back,

The look their faces wore, the kind

That looking glasses crack.

Hilarius laughed till he was sore,

June waded in his track,

And July "waded into" "June"—

All but "the cat came back."

None welcomed them on Palatine,

Nor any other ridge,

For though they kept explaining things,

They had not kept the bridge.

The hikers, with a right good will,

Climbed the ravined and wooded hill

Where Salt Lake Valley first appears.

There halted had the Pioneers

While the great leader of the band

Beheld his people's Promised Land.

"Ye Mountains High!"—with vocal vim

We rendered the immortal hymn!

Where Pen-rose up to lyric heights,

Now lung and tongue took airy flights.

But perched while History told the tale

How sire and grandsire trod the trail.

Then slid adown Big Mountain steep,

In Mountain Dell to sup and sleep.

Camp Grant, the last and best of all,

We christened for our captain tall—

Tall in an elevated land,

Towering in most things good and grand.

The pleasantest of all our camps,

A precious memory, it stamps

Its image on the plastic brain,

Ne'er to be blotted out again.
 The shady grove, the long rich grass,
 The limpid stream, the lofty pass,
 The feast beneath the willows spread,
 The multitude on manna fed—
 Or was it hard-boiled eggs instead,
 With Richards raspberries o'er them spread?

There Paul re-rendered Tennyson,
 And small-pox minimized to one.
 I will not say his reading did it—
 If so he thought full well he hid it.
 Happy the man whose terse translation
 Can take the place of vaccination.
 Why need he quake with foolish fears,
 Or e'en indulge in "idle tears?"

Adieu! fair camp amid the wild,
 Where Nature on good nature smiled,
 As happy-hearted as a child.
 And not a word and not a deed
 To sow of bitter thoughts the seed,
 Or make the heart or conscience bleed!

Ere Wednesday's sun was out of bed,
 Ere Twenty-Fourth had breakfasted,
 Along the road our column sped.
 The way o'er Little Mountain led.
 And there the Scouts with all their scars,
 Like veterans coming from the wars,
 Boarded the Emigration cars;
 But left them at Mt. Olivet,
 And marched to where the sections met
 Of that unparalleled parade
 Wherein our banners were displayed;
 Halting betimes when trumpet played,
 While Charlie Johnson snan-shots made.

O ye that sulked in tents that day,
 Or soft in silken hammocks lay,
 While we climbed crags with the M. I. A.,
 Led on by Moroni, B. H., and H. J.,
 O'er sunflower gold and sagebrush gray,
 Ne'er scorning, though scouting, the Pioneer way!
 Do you hear the echoing bugle call?
 Have you clambered with me o'er the mountain wall,
 Heard the ringing laugh, the lusty shout,
 The mirthful fling and the merry flout,
 That cheered and enlivened the lonely route?

Some day, perchance, you'll pass over it too.
 That hike had a purpose—'twill dawn upon you
 When the National Highway Act pulls through.
 But you'll have no such time on your sputtering wheel,
 In your tire-punctured, tooting old automobile,
 As the laddies who tramped it with toe and with heel.



LAKE PAGAHHRIT, SOUTHERN UTAH

Chapter III—A Prying Curiosity

When Ben Rojer reached home, ragged and sunburnt from that first trip; when he turned Stripes into the pasture and sank with the fond attachment of childhood into arms held out to receive him; when he heard their commiseration for his lean and battered appearance, it is not surprising that he felt a strong desire to stay at home a long time. But what a thrust to that desire when, after the second day at home, his father said, "Now, son, the next thing on the program is to gentle those colts on the mountain."

A father like Fred Rojer could not fail to see how offensive the range had become to his son. Nor did Fred Rojer fail to see it. Better still, he caught Ben's eye in such a way, and brought his own fatherly love to bear in such an irresistible look of kindness, that the boy blushed for his displeasure and his shallow nature so quick to give it away.

"You see, son," pleaded the kind, bearded lips, "there's nothing here for you to do, and after going alone all these years and building up so much on your company, I hate to go alone any more."

"I don't want you to go alone any more, Pa," declared Ben, his heart in his eyes; "I'm plum willin' to go right now."

The little brown face with sore lips followed into the hills again, and Bowse brought up the rear. It was not the old trail over the Cedar Ridge, but nevertheless a trail leading through forests of cedars, and up rocky canyons to the flat-topped timber region of the Elk Mountain.

The two made camp in a quakingasp grove, near a spring known as Peavine. The mountain abounded in crystal springs, green leaves and shade. The summer breeze from the canyons below, and the summer birds concealed in the aspen leaves, seemed to declare the place a paradise of rest, where servile work would be little short of sin. To this sentiment of rest, Fred Rojer seemed to voice a decided Amen—in fact, this Amen appeared to be no small part of the premeditated business of the trip.

They rode leisurely among the cool timber, corraled their colts, and by mild, unhurried means began breaking them to lead. They always quit work early in the day, and some days they did no work at all. Stripes and Bowse improved in flesh all the time. It seemed like a pleasure-trip, and young Rojer wondered if his father had forgotten the purpose for which they came. All the same he looked and listened. Sometimes he looked so intently at the wooded canyons below, or listened so earnestly to the wind and the birds, that for a while he lost account of everything else.

Fred Rojer spent a great part of his time reading books, of which he usually carried a supply, and Ben found time to ramble about among the trees to his heart's content. He learned the habits of chipmunks and squirrels, he watched the coyote skulk and sneak, he found the tiny eggs in the humming-bird's nest, and learned the grouse-hen's secret of hiding her chickens.

When Stripes grazed over the grassy hills, Ben often wandered near by, noting the love and trust between horse and dog, and assuring them with pats and caresses of his own unchanging fidelity. The yellow pony never once thought of resenting capture; he whinnied to his young master on first sight, and looked his horse-regret when they parted. If Ben could have no handful of oats or corn in his pocket, he made it a point to cut a sweet bunch of grass from among the rocks, that he might court the pony's favor whenever they met. As to Bowse, he was sure of a dainty morsel whenever it could be had.

In all the pines and aspens of the mountains, there was nothing more delightful to Ben than racing over the smooth flats with Bowse frolicking ahead or behind. No wild band could out-run them, and in the horse round-up, young Rojer and his buckskin were recognized as a swift combination. Ben liked to take up the shapely little feet and trim them carefully, if they were not



PEAVINE GROVE

shod, and he enjoyed watching them plough into the soil when he was "making a run." No stripe, or joint, or mark, on the shapely little creature escaped the boy's notice, and he often looked a long time into those loving horse-eyes, and tried, by careful search, to find the gallant horse-soul behind them.

By a grove of oaks, not far from the Peavine camp, Soorowits, the Pahute, had pitched his summer wickiup. Young Rojer watched the Pahutes hunt in the twilight, or come loaded with venison in the gray dawn of morning. He watched them milk their goats, ride their vicious cayuses, and prepare their magic medicines from herbs, and roots, and the bark of trees. He stood by with their own half-clothed children while the flesh of the deer was smoked and dried. He watched them transform its hide to the soft buckskin.

Toorah, for that was the name of Mrs. Soorowits, had no objections to Ben in the camp, and he watched her nimble fingers prepare the fine bead-work, and make the dresses of red and yellow and green and blue, so dear to the heart of every Pahute woman. She had a handsome face, a straight form, and with her thirty odd years was quite an attraction to young Rojer, especially since she showed a pronounced solicitude for his welfare in his tenderness of years.

Soorowits and his chief disciple, Buhhre, belonged to a tribe who refused a reservation. They took pride in roaming where they pleased, often making bold to tell where they had murdered

white men in the earlier settlement of the country. Soorowits said nothing against the white boy's presence in camp, in fact he did not deign to see him at all, but stalked back and forth with great dignity—the silent, sullen dignity of a red man.

Since white men arrived in the Rocky Mountains, and planted their orchards and gardens along the desert streams, the appetite for fruit and melons has become a mania among certain Indian tribes. This abnormal appetite began to breed discontent in the



THE OLD GRAVE AT SOLDIER CROSSING, SAN JUAN COUNTY, UTAH,
WHERE TWO WHITE MEN WERE KILLED BY PAHUTES,
IN THE EARLY 80'S

summer home of Soorowits, and brought him to the bank of the river by the desert village, about the time Ben and his father returned home. Booths of cotton-wood limbs were prepared for a shade, and the Pahute household anticipated two fat weeks of peaches and water-melons.

Then a terrible misfortune filled the camp with grief: Soorowits shot Toorah with a Colt's-45. He swore it was an accident,

and it may have been. Also it may have been a quick flash of his cantankerous temper. No difference, he felt genuinely "cut up" about it, and sat in tears and sobs on the shady side of his wick-iup. A swift messenger, probably Buhhre, went for a medicine-man, and the singing and chanting and mixing of herbs went on incessantly during a week. The grief-stricken red man employed all the skill the village afforded. It was a hopeless case. One evening the chanting ceased; the camp resounded with shrieks and cries, for Toorah had gone to the Happy Hunting-ground.

The news of this tragic affair found in the village no more sympathetic heart than that of Ben Rojer. On the day following her death, he chanced to be hunting cows in the sandhills, just as a shot rang out and a great smoke arose from a certain cave up among the cliffs. He knew Toorah's remains were in the fire, and he resolved to visit the place next day. He confided his discovery to two boy companions, Jim and Mort, and the three settled upon the next afternoon as the proper time to pay their respects to the cave.

Now the cave was hidden behind a pointed sand-knoll, and when the three young adventurers reached the top and looked down into the great hole, Mort decided to stand guard on the hill, while his fellows went to view the cremated squaw, and the horse whose spirit had been sent along for her to ride.

The ghastly sight that met the two pairs of youthful eyes should have satisfied the most prying curiosity; it no doubt satisfied them, for with one look and never a word they turned to climb again to their horses. All was still save for a little breeze moaning in the cavernous depths behind them, and the boys instinctively climbed faster and faster.

All at once a deafening yell seemed to chill the very marrow in their bones, and the black and furious visage of Soorowits appeared over the hill-top above them. He used the most awful words in the English language, and a great many others which no doubt meant even more to him.

He charged down the hill on his cayuse, trying to trample the boys beneath its hoofs. He struck at them with his quirt, and drove them about over the sand and among the rocks till they were half dead with exhaustion and fright, when Fred Rojer came dashing up on Mort's pony.

Mort had bolted for town at the first sight of the Indian, forgetting to give his friends the alarm; and when they climbed breathless and pale to their saddles again, they had something to remember always. Ben's lungs burned like fire, and twenty years have hardly sufficed to repair the damage of those fifteen minutes. He was also badly unstrung, having expected every minute to be shot.

Just what the whole affair meant to the red man is not quite clear. It seems that visiting a funeral fire before it has gone out is a grave violation of some old Pahute tradition. It is also probable that shooting the boys on that ground would have desecrated the place. But the three became singularly obnoxious to the Soorowits gang, who pointed them out on the street as profaners of sacred things.

Soorowits himself felt a mortal fear of his wife's brother Nariant, and as soon as possible after the fire had died out, departed to Pagahrit, or the Navajo Mountain, to abide in hiding till their friendship should be patched up again. Before going, however, he sent word to the boys that some time he would come back and punish their offense with the torture it deserved. This message, accompanied by the memory of the cruel, sombre face, became a ghost of fear and dread, haunting the boys at home and in the hills, in the day and in the night.

[This story of the mysterious Pagahrit country, in southern Utah, will continue in Vol. 16 of the IMPROVEMENT ERA. It consists of twenty-seven chapters that awaken the readers' interest and attention on every page. There are cowboys, Indians good and bad, outlaws, wild animals, mountain trails, round-ups, box canyons, the call of the genuine wild, the silences and voices of the desert, a boy's love for his horse and dog, and whisperings and communications of the Voice of the Intangible. A young boy begins this wild ranch life with his father, and grows up in these surroundings. There is a clean, inspirational and faith-promoting spirit penetrating the text, and the description is true to conditions in one of the wildest districts of the Wild West soon to vanish.]

What the Returned Missionary Can Do For Himself

BY J. PERCY GODDARD, A. B.

It has always been my opinion that a missionary who does not continue his activity and usefulness in the Church after his return, and who does not retain the spirit which should characterize one holding the holy priesthood, has only himself to blame.

It always appears to me that a young man who wants to be active can find plenty to do, and that as a rule bishops and other presiding officers are very ready to make use of men who are willing to work.

But I believe it is a false idea that a man must be assigned some office or other on his return, in order that he may continue his activity. The returned elder can be as active and often just about as useful as a member of one of our ward organizations as he can be in the capacity of officer or teacher.

In the class session of his priesthood quorum, the man who studies the lesson and is therefore prepared to take part in the discussion will be welcomed by the presidents and by the teachers. Also in a Sunday School or Mutual Improvement class, a live member is greatly appreciated, and can be almost as great a help in promoting profitable discussion and active interest in the work as the teacher himself. Of course, to do this a man must be willing to study and work. The elder in the field who does not keep active and diligent in his labors, qualifying himself also by earnest study, soon loses the spirit of his mission, and he can't expect to retain the spirit of his priesthood at home, unless he is willing to work for it. My observation has been that many missionaries exhibit a very lazy disposition when they come home, and cannot be relied upon to do the work they are asked to do. Such cases are much more numerous than those instances often complained of where they are not asked to do anything.

I believe there is not a ward in which the bishopric is not

anxious to use capable men as block teachers, and if we will seriously contemplate this work and read the revelations that the Lord has given concerning the duties of the teacher, I am sure we shall conclude that there is scarcely a higher, holier, or more serious service to be performed in the Church; but there is probably no other institution in the Church that is falling so far short of its possibilities. Herein is a wonderful opportunity for the returned missionary to use his experience to advantage and to keep alive within him the spirit of a savior of souls. But to do this work successfully a man must give it careful thought and study, and must go about it just as humbly and prayerfully as he did about his successful missionary work.

I believe that one chief reason why many returning missionaries disappoint us, is that they assume an entirely false attitude toward their completed missions. I am not sure that the talks we sometimes hear from our stands, particularly at missionary farewells, are not partly responsible for the mistaken idea that the missionary makes a great sacrifice for his Church and is deserving on his return of recognition and reward from the Church and from the Almighty himself.

This is entirely wrong. The sacrifices of the missionary should scarcely ever be mentioned, for they are not worth mentioning as compared with the incalculable benefits that a faithful missionary obtains. The Lord has repaid every faithful missionary a hundred fold, for anything which he might consider a sacrifice, long before his return. Instead, therefore, of regarding himself as one having just made a great sacrifice worthy of recognition and reward (and some seem almost to think that their everlasting salvation is earned without doing another thing), instead of such a spirit, the returned elder should regard himself as one having enjoyed a supreme privilege, and should set about proving to God that he appreciates that privilege, and desires gratefully to acknowledge his Father's love and goodness by using for the advancement of the work of God his experience and gifts which the close communion with the Spirit of God has cultivated within him.

It is a curse to any man to get the idea into his head that either God or the Church or humanity is indebted to him, and the quicker we begin to talk of a mission as a privilege for which

we are indebted to God, rather than as a sacrifice, the better it will be for the Church.

Again, missionaries often overlook the fact that while they are away their loved ones and tens of thousands of Saints are praying that they may be magnified.

Most certainly many of us need magnifying, and if the Lord hadn't magnified us by surrounding us with, and endowing us by, his Spirit, the spirit of power and light and intelligence, we should often have presented a sorry and humiliating appearance. The Lord does magnify his elders, and they do not always realize it, and when they get home some are somewhat shocked to find that they are not nearly so important or large as they had come to think, and that as compared with the work of the Lord as a whole they are indeed very microscopic. Some never rise from this shock, and men who manifested great power and gave great promise while enjoying the spirit of their missions come home and shrink and shrink and shrink, until they are almost a negligible quantity in the Church and community at home.

If possible, our young men should be made to know that the Lord *does* magnify them in their faithful service in the missionary field, and that he will continue to magnify them at home, if they will continue to serve him with the same zeal.

Again, unfortunately, some of our missionaries who win a place in the respect and esteem of the people among whom they labor, think so little of this reputation that they come home and sacrifice it all by falling prey to such low and niggardly vices as smoking and beer drinking. Doesn't it seem hard to believe that a young man who had ever tasted of the inspiration of heaven should allow himself to fall victim to such degrading vices, so far beneath one who has been forth as a soldier of the Almighty to battle against "the powers of evil in high places"?

I have heard of two rebukes to such weaklings the last day or two, which I thought rather effective. My friend, Brother R. Leo Bird was talking with a young returned missionary a few days ago who was smoking a cigarette, and asked him what he thought the Saints with whom he had labored should think if they saw him with that cigarette. The returned elder answered that he didn't know, but there was one thing about it, he wasn't afraid to do his smoking openly; he didn't sneak behind a corner to

do it. Brother Bird answered him quickly and characteristically that "if he wanted to do a dirty trick like that, he'd be glad of something to hide behind."

As another instance, my father, while waiting for a car, a few days ago, met a returned missionary smoking. He addressed the man very frankly about as follows: "Brother So-and-So, do you know that your friends are looking at you with feelings of sorrow to see you smoking? It's a cowardly thing for a returned missionary to smoke, and your friends are hoping that soon you'll become enough of a man to drop such a weak and foolish vice." The young man thanked father for the word.

This leads me to a concluding thought that I want to leave with you. The boy to whom Brother Bird spoke said "he wasn't afraid to do his smoking openly." Father knocked such an idea of bravery or courage out of the other youth's head by telling him at once that it was cowardly. A great curse to young people is this idea that it takes courage to do what one knows is wrong.

Last winter, while conducting a lesson on companionship, I took occasion to give our junior Mutual boys an idea of what is brave and what is cowardly in such cases, by asking them to imagine two boys who had been taught to stay away from saloons. They are going down the street with a group of school friends. The one of my two boys is a weak character. For want of a more descriptive adjective I told the youngsters that he was a "wishy-washy" sort of boy. My second boy was a strong, courageous, brave boy.

The group comes to a saloon and someone suggests going in. Our two boys, due to their training, hesitate, when their companions begin saying, "Oh, you're scared to," "You daren't," and so no. (Don't you know such taunts from companions are the hardest things in the world to resist?) Now what are my two boys going to do? My class all declared that the "wishy-washy" boy (they rather liked the word) would go in, but the brave, strong boy would say "No," and leave the group. The courageous boy dares to do right. And which boy would the bunch respect most? Again the response was unanimous. To sin or to act contrary to one's convictions is never brave, it is always cowardly.

Young men aren't the only ones influenced in this way.

Young men and also older men often fail to act and speak in accordance with their convictions for fear of ridicule of associates.

We find some "wishy-washy" returned missionaries, and when they fall in with former companions who have bad habits, to avoid their taunts they join them in their smoking or drinking or perhaps worse. They are *cowards*, and their companions who tempt them know it, and have *contempt* for them.

What can the returned missionary do for himself?

He can be brave and keep himself pure before men and before God, preserving his reputation as a servant of God holding the holy priesthood. In recognition of the privilege he has enjoyed, he can be diligent in his service in the priesthood and in our organizations, whether officer or member, and by valiant service call down the blessings of God by which he shall be magnified before all the world, and by which, if he continues to the end, he may win a place with the brave, and the pure, and the valiant, in the kingdom of our God.

A Wish and the Answer

A WISH

"I wish I knew what I could sing
That others would repeat
When I have sung my little song
And made my life complete."

THE ANSWER

If you had said, "I wish I knew
What useful work I best can do
To help a fallen creature rise,"
Your song would echo to the skies,
Would sing itself, and speak of you!
EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Builders*

HON. WILLIAM SPRY, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF UTAH

“The world is made up of two classes of people—those who build and those who tear down.” The builders are called progressive, successful; those who tear down are styled retrogressive, failures. The scheme of creation makes no provision for a neutral ground between these two types on which one may stand. One must succeed or one must fail. When we arrive at the time for analyzing life’s stewardships we are judged by the record of our activities, and the Great Ruler of the universe never intended the ledger of any man’s life to be blank.

When a man acts, he acts under an unchangeable law and makes either for success or for failure. Under that same law, when a man refuses to act his very inactivity tends to tear down, makes toward failure and spells retrogression. This is an unfailing law of the universe. And it is this law in the uniformity of its application that constitutes the corner-stone of the structure of human equality.

When I speak of building, I have reference not alone to the building accomplished through manual labor, but to that broader meaning of the word which compasses the building forces that go to rear homes, communities, states, nations. I use the word to include character-building, the improvement of business, social and civic conditions, and, above all, moral conditions as existing between the individual and that higher power to which the individual is alone responsible.

It is a blessed thing to build, and richly blessed is he who is equipped for life’s work, not only with the physical inclination and ability to labor, but with an eager, trained, orderly, masterful mind, to guide and direct aright his physical and mental undertakings. You will find it a glorious thing to respond to the God-inspired desire to build; to reach after, gather together, control, direct and put to useful and noble purposes the material things of earth.

*A talk to the graduating class of the State Agricultural College, 1912.

You will find it a soul-satisfying labor to ply the tools which you have acquired within this temple of learning, with the power that comes of self-confidence, in the accomplishment of this purpose. As the years come and go, you will be led to rejoice in that deeper insight education has given you into moral and ethical questions of life; and every step you are enabled to take on the ladder of moral uplift, by reason of your intellectual refinement and culture, will afford you increasing satisfaction and a peace of mind and contentment sweeter than anything else life has to offer you. Yours is the period of fascinating uncertainty of a distant goal, the gaining of which involves sacrifices and effort, this day undreamed of. It is but the span of a few brief years when each shall have reached his goal. Perhaps not the goal of youthful ideal, but the goal life's work—life's individual building—shall have merited. Then for the retrospective. Our building for this life is completed, and the structures of intelligent, earnest labor, or the ruins of shiftless, idle waste are behind us. Life's highest aim, therefore, is the building of monuments that will endure, as well as bring satisfaction and honor.

"Year after year, behold the silent toil
That spreads his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door.
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no more.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free;
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

It has been my experience that one can best attain those highest ideals of human yearning when the commonplace, routine duties are daily performed; when every opportunity, great and small, is seized and worked into the structure we have set about to build. Before and beyond the material things of existence that engage our attention, there is a great purpose of life, hidden, yet constantly hinted at in all nature, and in man's inward consciousness. Toward or away from this purpose, our daily acts lead us. And we are builders, rearing not alone the structures of individ-

uality, but influencing with subtle certainty the work of building being carried on by our neighbors. The theory of our common law of civilization is that so long as our acts do not interfere with the person, rights or property of another, we are good citizens; but there is a higher, unwritten law of inward consciousness that teaches us the sacredness of moral rectitude; that fills the heart with divine regard for the influence our moral acts may have upon another. And the structures of our rearing, to be perfect, must be built in accordance with the higher law.

To build, we must labor. Carlyle said: "Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God, and from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, self-knowledge, and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge, the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that, for nature herself accredits that, says yea to that."

I am convinced that the knowledge which you have been acquiring, during the time of your connection with this institution, is the "knowledge that will hold good in working," as I likewise am convinced that all of you are leaving these doors with a firm determination to cleave to that knowledge and apply it to the tasks of life, whatever they may be.

The faithful use of our entrusted powers is but a just return for the privilege of possessing them. Capacity for improvement and opportunity for usefulness involve accountability and demand diligence. When we think how much labor is required to make us what we wish to be, and to do for others what we should; when we remember that consequences which eternity alone can measure are involved, we know that there must be ceaseless activity. Sir Joshua Reynolds said: "If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if only moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is to be obtained without it."

In a spirit of deep solicitude for your individual welfare, allow me to suggest that on leaving this college to engage in the affairs of life, you will doubtless plant your feet in this section, founded and built by men and women who braved hardships, who fought well, and who conquered—men and women whose deeds are epochal in the winning of the West, and whose lives are worthy

your emulation. If it be your purpose to continue the work of your fathers, keep in mind the fact that you are following the paths that were trodden by noble predecessors, who laid the foundation for a great agricultural, mining, commercial and social center. With honest pride in the work of those who reared the superstructure of this western civilization, with the quickening inspiration that comes from nature's magnificent environment, with unbounded faith in the promise of ample returns on the investment of your talents and energies, with unshakable confidence in your ability to cope with the problems you will meet, plunge into the work of building! For God has given us a wonderful land—a heritage such as a wise father would leave to a son whom he truly loved—an estate that will yield only to the beneficiary according as he labors and honestly earns.

It is a source of genuine pleasure to me to direct your attention to the careers that are being carved out by those who have preceded you in this college. Their labors are daily reflecting credit upon, and adding prestige to, this great state institution. Results are being attained by the women as well as the men who have partaken of the advantages here afforded; I mention the women especially, at this time, for the reason that in view of the widespread inquiry to discover what effect the liberal education now afforded will have on women, particularly on their domestic lives, I have followed with deep interest the lives of many of the women-graduates of this institution. In my visits to the various sections of the state, I have frequently received entertainment in the homes of mothers who a few years since were graduated from this school; I have marveled at their management of the home, and felt thankful that Utah is awake to the possibilities of the training afforded by the domestic science courses. The strength of the nation depends upon the homes, and here domestic science has been so incorporated as to add to the sensible assuming of the responsibility of home-making; and it has had a positive influence in increasing the power of every young lady in superintending a family, and added greatly to her dignity as a wife and mother, enabling her to properly direct the little ones in the never-to-be-forgotten beginnings of life.

Permit me at this time to remind you of the obligations you, as recipients of its favors, are under to the state which has made

it possible for you to avail yourselves of the splendid educational opportunities afforded in this institution, of the debt you are under to those who have contributed so faithfully and well to your advancement; of the deep feeling of gratitude you should bear this institution, and, lastly, the deep regard in which you should ever hold, and the fidelity with which you should always maintain, the principles and ideals for which it stands.

In summing up, let me impress upon you this fact: the very best habit of life is the habit of building, because it calls for the exercise of industry—that quality of action demanding earnest, steady and continued attention to any useful or productive work or task—manual or mental—in which you may be engaged.

Build ever, therefore, with diligence, investing your best effort and strongest exertion, with a deep love of your labor, and an abiding interest in its accomplishment; bend to the completion of your chosen life's work with application, concentrating all your powers upon it with utmost intensity. Add patience by working on, in spite of the annoyances which you will encounter; and, by unswerving devotion of heart and principle, bring constancy to your purpose. Exercising these qualities, the trait of perseverance to triumph over hindrances and difficulties cannot be withheld from you.

Honorable aspirations, steadfast, persevering toil for the realization of your ambitions will make of you upright, useful citizens, honorable and worthy fathers and mothers, and leaders among the builders in this mighty nation of builders. The accomplishment of this end discharges the obligations I have mentioned, and compasses the interest the State of Utah has in your welfare.



IN THE SILENCES OF SAN JUAN, UTAH

Department of Vocation and Industry

BY B. H. ROBERTS

II.

The keynote in this department of M. I. A. activities will be found in the fact that occupation influences character. One of the old Greeks said:

"It can never be, me thinks, that your spirit is generous and noble while you are engaged in petty mean employments; no more than you can be abject and mean spirited, while your actions are honorable and glorious. Whatever be the pursuits of men, their sentiments must necessarily be similar."

If the principle here announced be accepted as true, and I do not know on what ground it could be rejected, then it follows that it is important that the very highest and noblest occupation shall be secured which one's abilities and opportunities justify him in seeking. In a word, every one should be encouraged to undertake that vocation in life which, while it yields the necessary material results for his support and the support of those dependent upon him, will at the same time be up-lifting and ennobling in its effect upon his own character.

It may be objected to this that the result of such encouragement would be to stampede our youth in the direction of the arts and learned professions to the neglect of the trades, the varied forms of business pursuits, and agriculture. Such, however, will not be the effect, since those suitable for vocation in the arts and professions are necessarily limited by temperamental and other specific qualifications. And again, it will not have this supposed effect, because it is the intention in this department to give such consideration to vocations and industries as will place true values upon vocations other than those that fall into the category of arts and professions. We shall take the ground that no vocation of honest industry need be ignoble or debasing in its effects, but by properly correlating it with the general welfare of human life can be in effect both honorable and glorious. And this is true of manual employments as well as those in which intellect predom-

inates. We may not within the limited space available for the discussion of these questions be able to make this apparent at once, but as we proceed with the unfolding of this department of M. I. A. work, we feel confident that the truth of it can be established.

Just now our chief aim is to get the questions entering into this subject considered by our organization, and to this end invite questions and correspondence upon the subject by the Stake Board Committees and Ward Committees appointed at our current conventions of this fall to take charge of the work in the respective Stakes and Associations of the organization. Also to make such suggestions as may occur to them to be of interest on the subject, and necessary to our progress.

All communications for the present can be addressed to the IMPROVEMENT ERA, Department of Vocations and Industries; and our correspondents may be assured that their suggestions and questions will receive respectful and also careful consideration, for in this work every one and every one's ideas are accounted necessary, and especially should an effort be made to interest the parents of families and the teachers in our public common schools, high schools, and church academies in this subject, so that by much thinking and active co-operation we shall be able to establish systematic effort that will result beneficially for the present generation and those following after it in our community.

Thoughtless Youth?

In general I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently; I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless, when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances of the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless, when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless, when his every action is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now,—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless, his deathbed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there.—RUSKIN.

The Open Road

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS
UNIVERSITY

Stage XIII—In Which Brocketts Sees a Light

Brocketts did not soon recover from that earthquake at the Bishop's. He had lost his bearings. His mental geography had been upset. It was as if he had revisited, after only a brief absence, familiar scenes to find that convulsions of nature had altered the face of things—made mountains of the valleys, depressed the high places, obliterated the old landmarks, and left nothing which the eye could rest on and say, "This I know."

He had gone to the Ward residence with the elastic tread that only a lover can feel, and then only when he is accepted and when he is young. He had thought only of Bessie and the future as he walked. He had pictured her, waiting in the midst of all the well-known objects in the room, every article in which he could place, and always in reference to her. Nothing in that future was separable from her. Forward as far as he could see—and how far can such a one *not* see?—there was hope and happiness for them together.

But he was going away now with very different feelings. All this vision of the future had changed in a moment. The cup had been struck from his hand just as he was lifting it to his parched lips. From his dream of bliss he had been rudely awakened to a disagreeable reality.

Plunged in thought, he walked on through the unlighted streets. The way was easy. It would not have gotten much of his attention had it been hard.

Most bitter were his feelings against the Bishop. "What business is it of his, anyway?" he wanted to know. "We have a right to one another. Nobody has any call to interfere. It's no one's affair but ours. Her mother didn't object. Why should he?"

Then he thought of what the Bishop had said about Brocketts being a non-member of the Church.

"Religion!" he cried contemptuously. "Pooh! What has religion got to do with it? He don't like me—that's all." And yet, try as he would he could not see any grounds for such a dislike in the Bishop. "He doesn't know anything against me—he can't! What is it, then?"

And so he always fell back on the total absence of any reason for the Bishop's "interference." He was up in the air, as the saying goes, without support from anything above, below, or around him, and he did not know how he was to get down.

He slept little that night. But sleeping or waking only one thing was in his thoughts. With the buoyant hopefulness of youth he found himself time and again seeing the obstacle between him and Bessie swept away. He saw himself handed a letter the next morning which proved to be from her father telling him there had been a mistake, and so very real did this thought become, by constant dwelling upon it, that when morning came he was vaguely conscious of listening to hurrying footsteps just outside his door.

But there were no hurrying footsteps, there was no letter, and no mistake had occurred. Nothing but the hard fact of the earthquake stared him in the face.

The week after that, he called at the book store one evening. He had purposely kept away lest Mr. Dargan might detect his secret, the book-dealer was such a discerning creature and Brocketts so transparent.

"I saw you at the Tabernacle Sunday, Brocketts," his friend began. "How did you like the sermon?"

The sermon was on marriage, and so he had been delighted with it, he said—which was true.

"Orson Pratt is a great preacher, Brocketts, a great preacher," commented Mr. Dargan, "and you won't hear many like him anywhere."

Brocketts assured his friend once more that he had been very much pleased with the discourse, but that he was not sure that he understood the "Mormon" view of the subject. Would Mr. Dargan mind if he asked a few questions on it?

"Why no, Brocketts, not at all! Glad to answer any question—if I can."

And, in truth the book-dealer was more highly pleased than he cared to show. For ever since he had learned from Brocketts himself that the boy was not a member of the Church, he had set his heart on bringing him in. But it was a delicate matter, this broaching of religion to a young person. It could not be forced on one, and Brocketts had never, in Mr. Dargan's presence, even so much as shown an interest in religious things. That is why the subject had not come up in their conversations. But here was Mr. Dargan's opportunity. Brocketts had voluntarily taken up the gauntlet thrown down by the book-man.

"Mr. Pratt," ventured the young man, "said something about marriage for eternity. Now, what does that mean?"

"You see, Brocketts, we believe in the immortality of the soul, like all good Christians. But we believe in the immortality of the body, too."

"Will my body exist in the next world, then?"

"That is what Jesus taught, and we follow Him in everything. He rose from the dead. The very body that was laid in the tomb he took up in the resurrection, only of course, in an immortalized form. The same thing is true of every one else."

"And this body of mine, will I have it in the next world?" Brocketts did not catch the idea readily—it was so new.

"Exactly. The very body you have now, only changed and perfected and quickened, as the Bible says."

"I've been taught that we didn't need our bodies after death."

"That is what all the churches teach, except ours. But the Scriptures are dead against them there, Brocketts, dead against them. As if God would create a beautiful body like ours merely as a sort of every-day garment, so to speak! It's all nonsense, and there's not a hint of a justification for it in the good old Book."

"Well, it does sound reasonable."

"To be sure! Well, then, as to this matter of marriage—"

"Yes," said Brocketts, "that's what I want to know about."

"Suppose you love some young lady in this life, Brocketts." Brocketts tried to look unconcerned. "Well, do you think such a holy thing as love endures only for a little while?" Brocketts thought not. It was impossible that he would not love Bessie forever. But he didn't say so. Mr. Dargan answered his own question. "No!" he cried with an emphasis that would brook no

contradiction, "no! All these holy affections of the mind will continue in the next life, only higher and nobler than in this. And so, as I was about to say, if you love a young woman here, and marry her properly, why she will be yours and you will be hers forever. Isn't that a beautiful idea?"

Brocketts could easily believe it—it sounded true.

"But I said if you were *properly* married," said Mr. Dargan, sitting up straight on the edge of his chair in his eagerness. "Brocketts, if you and I should form a partnership in the book business for, say ten years, what would happen at the end of that period?"

"Why, I suppose the partnership would be dissolved, wouldn't it?"

"Exactly! Dissolved—that's the word. Now, in the other churches you're married only till death. These are the words of the ceremony. Now, what happens to a couple married in this way? Answer me that."

"They'd be no longer married?" Brocketts suggested interrogatively.

"Right again. But when God joins them, it is for time *and* eternity."

"But how is God going to do it?" Brocketts asked.

"Through men whom he has called to do it—through His priesthood. Now, I may sell all these books here," Mr. Dargan went on with a flourish of his hand in the direction of the shelves, "for they belong to me. But if I wanted to I could authorize you to sell them, and it would be exactly the same as if I sold them myself. Well, it's about like that in religion. The Lord gives authority to men to do certain things on the earth in his name, and it's just the same as if He did it Himself."

"Then why don't the other churches marry that way, too?" inquired Brocketts.

"Ay, there's the rub!" as Shakespeare says. "They can't. They haven't the authority to do so."

"Why, they preach and baptize, and do other things!"

"Very true, but they have no authority to do so." And Mr. Dargan explained in detail how an apostasy from the teachings of Christ had taken place, how the churches had lost the authority of the priesthood, and how this authority together with the gospel

had been restored to the Prophet Joseph Smith by heavenly beings. "There are only two places on the earth," the book-man went on, "where marriages for eternity can be performed at present—the St. George Temple, not long dedicated, and the Endowment House in the City here, that building just north of the new tabernacle."

"I believe all that you've told me, Mr. Dargan, it sounds true," Brocketts declared; "and so when I get married I'll be married in your way."

"Ah, but you can't, Brocketts, my boy."

"Can't? And why not?"

"Because you're not in the Church, Brocketts. You'll have to join the Church first."

Brocketts saw light for the first time on the subject. Maybe it was religion, after all, that had come between Bessie and him. He ventured another question—

"But suppose the girl I wanted to marry was in your Church—wouldn't they do it, then?"

"No; and what's more the girl's father, Brocketts, if he knew anything of the gospel, would object to your marrying her at all, if you were not in the Church."

A larger ray of light entered Brockett's mind.

"But suppose I was a perfectly good young man otherwise," Brocketts argued, "industrious, moral, and even religious—wouldn't that make a difference?"

"Not a bit, Brocketts!" Mr. Dargan viewed closely the puzzled expression on the boy's face. "That sounds narrow. doesn't it?" the book-dealer added. "But it isn't. Our people believe that the most important thing we can do in this life is to form lasting marriage ties. Now, when a man believes that, he wouldn't willingly do anything that would hinder the prospects of his own children in the next life."

"Then you don't believe—the 'Mormon' people don't believe, that a 'Mormon' boy should marry a 'Gentile' girl?"

"No; and the main reason is what I have just given you. Another reason is that a couple who have different faiths don't usually get along so well. And so, for these two great reasons, our people are against such marriages. Brocketts," Mr. Dargan added after a pause, "you'll be falling in love presently with one

of our 'Mormon' girls, and you ought to join the Church before you do so."

This was a clever trap, into which the unwary Brocketts could not help but fall. His face grew suddenly crimson. But he quickly recovered.

"Suppose I should do so this week, Mr. Dargan?"

Mr. Dargan affected to believe this a purely hypothetical question, which he knew it was not. "Then you'll very likely meet with a sad disappointment, Brocketts—for which I would be very sorry personally."

"Well, but suppose a case like that. Suppose I should, as you say, meet with such a disappointment? Would you join the Church just to get a young lady?"

"No! Nor would any honorable man. Nobody but a rank hypocrite would. And I've known some such in my life. Nothing good can come of it—nothing good."

"What would you do, then?" Brocketts asked with as much composure as he could gather under the circumstances.

Mr. Dargan considered. "Well, I should look into matters a little. If I wanted to marry a girl who had a different religion from mine and her father objected for that reason, why, I would investigate her faith, and if I found that I could conscientiously do so, I would embrace it. Not, mind you, unless I was convinced it was true, especially if they made such claims for it as we 'Mormons' do for ours. For you know, we believe that the Lord has given us a special dispensation of the gospel by revelation to us and not merely to our ancestors, and that this generation can be saved only through the gospel, as thus revealed. Now, I would look into that matter a little, Brocketts—that's what I would do."

"And wouldn't people be apt to say you were joining the Church to get the girl?"

"Very likely, Brocketts," the book-dealer answered. "But what would that matter?" And then putting his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, he said in an earnest tone which implied that he was answering a very personal question, "Brocketts, my boy, we can't afford to govern our conduct in the great things of life by what people think and say of us. Life's too serious a matter to permit us to do that. The only sure guide is

our conscience. We must follow *that*, come what may. In the end the only thing that counts is what we think of ourselves."

Notwithstanding this solemn statement of a simple truth there was a merry twinkle in Mr. Dargan's eye as, shortly afterwards, Brocketts took his departure from the store. The book-dealer watched the retreating figure till it went out at the door.

"He thinks he's got a secret!" Mr. Dargan said to himself. "Well, he has. I don't know who she is, nor what has happened—exactly. Yes, I do, too. All I don't know is *who* she is. I've got him started on religion now. For one thing I'm glad it happened, though it goes to my heart to see the lad so miserable. We'll see what we can do to patch up matters. But it's got to be done right, James, my boy—it's got to be done right."

And he rose, set things in order about the store, and presently closed the shop for the night, and went home.

As for Brocketts, he rested content about that secret. He flattered himself that he had not revealed it. The thing was too sacred to talk about, even to Mr. Dargan. As if we do not say things without uttering them with the tongue! Poor, blind Brocketts!

He went away in a sober mood. Those last words—indeed the whole conversation, but especially those last words—of the book-dealer's had set him thinking. Even before his conversation with his friend he knew a good deal about the beliefs of the Latter-day Saints. He had associated with none but "Mormon" boys and girls; he had been both to the Tabernacle and the ward meetings many times; but he had not given the "Mormon" religion much thought. He was interested in others. Still his having lived almost constantly in a "Mormon" atmosphere had had its effect not the less definite because unconscious. But this talk with Mr. Dargan had given him the Bishop's point of view in the whole matter of his relationship to Bessie. He saw it all now, and he did not entertain hard feelings any more towards Mr. Ward. Marriage *was* a serious thing after all, viewed in this "Mormon" light. There could be no doubt about that.

Nevertheless, the situation, so far as he and Bessie were concerned, was unaltered. Was it unalterable? Time alone could tell. One thing, however, was certain: Bessie was to be won only by honorable means. He would give every spare moment to

studying this new revelation. If it appealed to his conscience, he would join it; if not—

That little matter of what people would say if he embraced "Mormonism" was, notwithstanding, a nettle in his hand. For deep down in his consciousness, he felt vaguely that somehow his destiny was wrapped up with his faith. There came over him now distinctly the feeling that had possessed him long ago when as a hungry, penniless boy he had sat by the Weber river near Ogden eating a solitary loaf with only the dog for a companion to whom he had tossed the few last morsels.

(There will be two more installments of this interesting story which will be concluded in the December number of the ERA.)

Two Letters

FRIEND OF MINE:

I am sorrowful that you have so many little ones. No doubt
You are growing old too soon from so much care.
You are missing much of profit and no end of pleasure, too,
And you never can have pretty things to wear;
To say nothing of the havoc children make within the home,
As they rant and race and pull and soil and tear.
I am not extremely happy even now, and I confess
I do not know what I should be if when
I desired something greatly, I must disappointed be,
Just because I must remain at home with them.

MY SISTER:

There is smear from tiny fingers on the sill and window-pane,
The chairs are left askew from eager play;
There are dresses worn at elbows, stockings out at knees and toes,
Work enough to keep one busy night and day.
The house is quiet only when the Sandman comes along,
And I tuck my babes in bed all tired out.
From sunrise until sunset they scamper and they climb,
They laugh and romp and tease and cry and shout.
But when, at night, I stoop to kiss each upturned, rosy face,
As at my knee my darlings kneel to pray,
I wonder what this life would be if it were not for these,
The little ones to care for day by day.

Sometimes, when grown weary, I think of other homes
With stillness undisturbed by childish voice,
And my heart resumes pulsation with thankfulness to God,
For the blessing, doubly mine, through right of choice.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Equality of Opportunity

BY ELMER G. PETERSON, A. M., PH. D., UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Factors in the Movement Toward the Ideal Which will Be the Glory of Mankind.

The ideal of the government of the United States is impartial justice which, in the hearts of the American people, goes deeper than perfunctory law, reaching down into the life of the Nation, promising an equality of opportunity, a goal, the attainment of which, under our most enlightened system of government, there is grave reason for questioning. A government founded upon this lofty ideal proceeded joyously for many decades in the hope that the ideal was to some extent an automatic one and that the nobility of purpose and the rare patriotism which founded this commonwealth would continue to guide its destiny to the highest plane.

But the history of the United States of America, as is the history of the rest of the world, is a history of human frailty with occasionally great thrills of righteousness which find their way into law, and less frequently into practice. A government founded on the ideal that all were equal before the law, and further that all would be given equality, has drifted, as a result of enormous industrial development, away from this ideal and is becoming, we must all say, to some extent, sordid in practice. Yet any student of government who has followed the history of the United States of America carefully must realize that continuously fighting the great greed of selfish interest is a life of unsurpassed purity which finds expression in times of great crises. America has faced three such great crises in its history, as admirably portrayed by President Eliot of Harvard University in one of his addresses. At the time of the founding of the Nation we were face to face with a great problem which was solved only as a united people with righteousness can solve such a problem.

We may read, if we so desire, into this great conflict the hand of Divinity. Surprising the world, the States were granted inde-

pendence fulfilling the so-called dreams of the pioneers of America. After a complete separation from the mother country, adrift upon the face of the world, the new nation confronted a second crisis more serious than the first. Theirs was now the problem of organizing their dreams into statutes. There arose up to meet this exigency great and good men who are heralded today as world figures. Men trained in the organization of finance, in the functions of government, and men blessed above all with freedom from the restraint of, but without disrespect for, precedent, and with a vision approaching that of the old prophets.

The government so founded was organized and began a course of unparalleled development toward a world power. There crept in the great curse of slavery. One-half of this magnificent commonwealth was industrially adapted to the service of slavery, and consequently in the course of development the whole South became blighted. The great slave traffic drew further and further apart two sections of the United States, to some extent already distinct industrially, until the gleeful world looking on saw the great structure of government crumbling to ruins. The monarchs of Europe smiled indulgently at this great blow-up of a dream which had come, in their minds, already too near attainment. Here arose again a great figure whose duty it was to give his life on the altar for this great cause; whose life and death must symbolize the great travail. The American people crystallized a sentiment more quickly, more surely, and effected a remedy more absolutely than could have been done by any government differently organized, however well administered it may have been. The voice of the people was sure and liberty arose cleansed of this great curse.

The government then leaped forward in bounds hitherto unbelievable. The industries of the country were organized; the government, now assured of its existence, welcomed the investment of capital, and the nation rapidly assumed place with the foremost of the world.

As a result of such rapid movement errors have crept in, abuses exist in the administration of law and justice which are not surpassed in the civilized world. The people are alive to the fact that the dawn of the Twentieth Century is indeed a time of readjustment nationally, and are going about the business with the

same calmness, the same perseverance, the same surety of purpose that characterized them in the other great crises which have been mentioned.

The motive back of this Twentieth Century movement is this: realizing slowly but surely that the government may have drifted from its first purpose, good men are attempting a reorganization which will bring it back to this first purpose. In the working out of this ideal of equality of opportunity we are able to trace the administration of human intelligence in its several divisions. Various, the departments having to do with the bodily health, having to do with the intellect, and having to do with character formation. That department which has to do with physical well being must receive our serious consideration, because upon this is based our success mentally and our success morally. It is probably true that great governments were never administered by dyspeptic legislators, and so in any fight for equality of opportunity equality in obtaining physical health and development must be included. Realizing this great truth far-seeing administrators and citizens have gone deep into the life of the nation to determine whether in reality the poor and the rich have this equality of opportunity which means their physical well being. There has crept in as a result of knowledge of this fundamental truth, and as a result of recent scientific advance, an amount of legislation having to do with the conduct of our schools, our streets, our water supply and our food, with the idea of protecting to as great an extent as possible those who have not the protection of wealth from abuses of one kind or another.

Here we must pay high tribute to the character of Utah communities which have forced prohibition legislation on our statutes, and here we must decry the character of the community which does not force observance of this legislation.

Great in the pages of history will be the names of such as Miss Jane Addams who in her work deals with fundamentals. She talks less of the refinements of society and more of the simple problems of health and how to obtain it. She is deservedly called the "Second Citizen" of America. Around these great movements are grouped the pure food and drug act, and in the fight for the maintenance of this great measure the two forces have been equally aligned, those fighting for equality of oppor-

tunity and those fighting for special privilege. Here also comes our long list of legal measures regarding sanitation, proper structure of buildings for the poor, that they may not suffer needlessly from disease; proper width of streets that the poor may not be shut out from the sunlight; and other measures of equal benefit, including sanitary control of factories and the limiting of the working hours of factory hands.

We find that education is closely and more closely aligning itself on the side of the majority in an effort to give equality to each, and a square deal in the fight for valuable information. So there have been great reforms accomplished, and great reforms are pending in our public school systems and in our colleges.

For many years the college course has served as a barrier between the great group of highly trained educators who make up the faculties of our colleges, and the people who ultimately pay all the salaries and to whom therefore is due the service of these institutions. But of late years there has developed in the colleges of the land an idea that their prime function is to help not the educated few alone but the majority of the citizens. These institutions have paid less attention to entrance requirements and more attention to graduation requirements. Disregarding so called scholastic dignity, disregarding a certain element of alleged culture, looking only for results and willing to make any sacrifice in order to obtain these results, these institutions have contributed a large share toward the betterment of American society. They have frequently held their academic standards low that their standards of service might be high. They have driven their professors into the field and have thrown open their doors and welcomed all who sought education, in order to give the poor boy and girl equality in the fight for learning.

The politics of the nation, following as politics always follow instead of leading, is attempting to align with this new movement and so insurgency has placed a big mark on American history. Of the merits and demerits of this it is obviously unnecessary to speak. The situation just now is too partisan to make a discussion of it very fruitful, because the facts are colored. History alone will be able to place a proper valuation upon this movement.

All these reforms as they affect the home are doubly valuable because the home must always be the foundation of our civiliza-

tion. Here the future of the child is made or is unmade to his everlasting good or evil.

Many careful students of economics believe that in Utah is the finest opportunity in the world for a working out of the ideal of equality in opportunity, and an investigation of the situation warrants this belief. We have here indeed a fine and great work to do.

Consider the character of the people—at once idealists and workers, men who see as in visions great things, and whose muscles are strong and souls persevering in the working out of the vision. Men of purity of character and resolution to face any hardship in righteousness. Citizens are these of sterling integrity whom the world admires while it criticizes. Consider our social organization, one which reaches and gives a useful work for every member of its body. Of the men who built this organization we may talk, of the mothers in these mountains we can not say anything to add or detract. They are above our encomium. They have made this empire. They have given us a heritage unequalled in the world. No man who has given thought to this situation and to the character of the men and women who conquered for us what we call home, can receive with anything but reverence the fruits of their labors, nor can approach with anything but reverence the tasks which fall from their tired hands.

LOGAN, UTAH

The Discourteous Smoker

People who don't smoke also do not want to be smoked. And yet people who do smoke, don't seem to appreciate this obvious fact. Why cannot smokers learn a little courtesy in this respect?

A woman and a man, her employer, were walking down the street together. They walked together merely because they happened to leave the office at the same time and their ways lay in the same direction.

He pulled out a cigar, lighted it, and began to smoke. Whereupon she turned on her heel, and abruptly left him without a word.

Next day she said to him: "I am going to quit."

"Why?" he wished to know.

"Because I am mistaken in the thought that I was working for a gentleman!"

Little Problems of Married Life

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

XIV—Danger of Growing Apart Mentally

When two friends start out for a long walk together they seem instinctively to adjust their steps so that they walk side by side, within touching distance of each other. If one gradually quickens his pace until he is yards ahead of the other and, in his self-absorption, increasingly widens the distance between them, they cease to be two walking together and become two walking alone. Marriage is a lifelong walk together of two who have selected each other from the world. It is community of thought, ideals, aims, needs and sentiments that tends to keep them in step. It does not mean a sacrifice of individuality, nor does it demand unanimity of opinion, but there should ever be progressive harmony on essentials and progressive sympathy on non-essentials.

Some men feel a pleasant glow of satisfaction in fulfilled duty when they divide generously with their wives their material prosperity. If money were the only thing in life, or even the greatest thing, their view would be correct, but the really greatest things in the world are those that money cannot buy. When a man finds himself growing broader mentally and does not share his new self with his wife, he is taking an intellectual elevator and letting her trudge alone up the stairway as best she can. When he grows into a larger and finer social world and does not make her a part of it he is traveling in the parlor-car and keeping her in the day coach. When the larger interpretation of life and its problems strengthens his spiritual and ethical vision, while his wife continues in the narrow horizon of unilluminated household cares, he is monopolizing the telescope, which brings the great things near and larger, leaving her the microscope which only increases the importance of her trifles.

Growing apart mentally must, under these conditions, become

inevitable. It may be that he alone is to blame; it may be her fault, or it may be the blind thoughtlessness of both. His repeated attempts to talk over with her his ideals, his dreams of ambition, his plans, purposes and progress, to stimulate her interest, to share with her his intellectual uplift may be met with no real comprehension, no sympathy, no inspiring response. When comradeship in marriage dies, it really makes very little difference what the post-mortem verdict as to the decease may be.

When the husband is out in the world of business which tends to blend with the social world, he may broaden mentally as he prospers materially. He travels over the country, and in a wider acquaintance with men and conditions has many of the rough edges of provincialism worn smooth. He meets men of attainment and action, men of power and prestige, and under a more stimulating environment develops latent strength of his own. He brushes up against keen minds that put a new edge on his thinking; he is in closer touch with current thought and opinion; he has acquired a polish. The key-note of his living, so far as society is concerned, is higher. His tastes become more discriminating, his demands more exacting. If he has not been sharing these things with the wife of his youth, he finds she has been standing still while he has been progressing.

She who faithfully struggled with him and for him, helped him to get the foothold of his present success, and become absorbed in working, planning and saving, may now be a mere drudge. He has a new standard of life now, and she falls sadly short of it. He measures things more superficially, and though her heart may be unchanged her head is not up to date. He may be ashamed to introduce her into the new society of which he has become a part; she is plain, unattractive, over-retiring or over-loquacious. She is aggressive in her dress and display; she is not familiar with the rules of the social game—with the “technique” of his new set.

The old equality between them has been destroyed—killed through neglect. It is not the work of a moment, but the slow, widening process of years of growing apart. But the realization of it all may come in a moment. There may be suddenly an illuminating flash of consciousness, when he involuntarily faces it, in comparing her with other women.

Some little mannerism of hers that once was sweet, just because it was hers, jars on his sensibilities and strikes a discordant note. Once he did not care whether she thought it was Homer or Carlyle who wrote *Silas Marner*, or whether she had heard of either author or book. Perhaps at that time he did not know the book himself. The red tape of society's cards, passwords and methods may have become second nature to him, and he is unjust in his condemnation of an ignorance which would not have existed had he been sharing with her his expanding life. He may notice with a grating sense of dismay that she does not put the soft pedal on her laughter to conform to the proper rippling notes of mirth prescribed by the social code. She, too, may have her saddening moments of realization and refuse to enter a world where she feels her inferiority, or not realizing, may, to his chagrin, insist on her rights. Usually she boldly takes the plunge into the social waters, confident that she will, somehow, get back to shore.

She may live, in his presence, in an atmosphere of patronizing tolerance, fearing at every word that she may stumble into some pitfall of mispronunciation or an inadvertent phrase, or, growing self-assured and reckless, she puts on a full head of steam in the presence of a position requiring tact, and just crashes through it like an engineer running his train over a burning bridge. His bearing may reach its melting point; in his acquired supersensitiveness he puts fictitious values on points where she is deficient and his tolerance fades into positive neglect. He may then devote his whole time to finer minds, fairer faces and freer morals. How far they may drift apart, no one can tell.

It may be that it is the wife who advances mentally, and he who is the laggard. The increased prosperity may mean close confinement for him to the drudgery of business. The society of a few old friends, survivals of the time when he was poor and struggling, may be all he cares for. Literature may not appeal to him. His daily paper supplies all his needs. The activities of the world of modern science, thought and culture have for him no real interest. His wife, left free to the rounding out of her mind and life, may develop a taste for reading, for companionship that is mentally worth having, for original thinking, for the charm of true conversation, for the discussion of subjects of real importance. She may gather around her a circle of friends who feed her mental

hunger and stimulate her thinking. He feels vaguely out of place with these new friends of hers, like a poor relation at a Christmas dinner.

She has found her way into the land of the intellectual and has established a residence there, while he, in his loneliness and isolation, is camping on its frontiers. He feels somewhat a stranger in his own house at social gatherings of her friends. He may chafe under the feeling that he is on the wrong side of the proscenium arch; that he is not one of the performers, but merely a spectator. He longs to cut out all "this heavy intellectual business" and go off quietly with a friend or two and just sit, and talk, and smoke.

This growing apart mentally may assume any of a hundred phases. Husband and wife may be subjected to any class of differing environments that change their mental standpoint and their moral sympathy. New ideas and new ideals may sweep old landmarks of mutual understanding far out to sea. It is a sad outgrowing of a union of love and companionship, a growing unsatisfiedness where speech that meets no sympathetic response lapses into silence. When sympathy and recognition of one's ideals are found only outside the home walls, when the instinctive impulse to tell of a success or a failure turns to some one else, when ears grow hungry for outside praise, there is serious danger to the happiness of married life.

It is so easy to keep together if both realize the vital importance to all that is sweetest in life in keeping in step, in true comradeship. Talking over the affairs of their individual lives and their life in common, the hopes, the longings, the doubts, the joys and the problems, gives each the basis of knowledge from which most truly to understand and advise each other. Reading the same books, discussing the same current events, hearing the same music, seeing the same plays, criticizing the same pictures, having dearest friends in common, agreeing on the same spiritual and ethical attitude towards life, and sharing in thoughts and plans will do much towards making a growing apart mentally an impossibility.

This keeping in step does not mean the sacrifice of the stronger to the weaker, but the stronger ever, through love, raising the weaker to higher planes of thinking and living. It is not nec-

essary that they should even agree as to the value of each other's pursuits or views, but that both should know them, understand them and respect them and be lovingly tolerant where they are not united in their sentiment or desires. They should give ever their best to each other.

When the husband is a clever, delightful companion at some one else's dinner-table, but a sad, still-life study in silence at his own, he is not giving his best at home. He is retaining his best for the export trade and reserving none for home consumption. When the wife has charity, consideration and sympathy for the cares of others outside the home, and only sharpness and sarcasm for those inside, the time-table of that home requires instant revision or there will be a crashing disaster to their train of happiness. Sources of discord multiply like Australian rabbits when the growing apart intensifies. It is the sacred duty of both to prevent it at the very beginning, to determine that *they* will permit no thoughtlessness, no drifting, no false sense of duty to family or to the world, to separate them from each other.

("Throwing Overboard the Old Friends" will be discussed in the next chapter, and eight chapters more will conclude this series in volume 16 of the ERA.)

Ingenuity

A young man whose mother in her girlhood crossed the plains, relates the following anecdote from her life showing that ingenuity is a most excellent characteristic, and was needed in pioneer times. It is no less necessary today, to those who would succeed:

"One day on the plains my mother and a companion, while the train was encamped near a beautiful river, went down to the waters to bathe, and there discovered that a recent flood had subsided, and had left in a hollow near the river a large number of fish which were still alive and fresh. They had nothing to carry the fish in, and were so far from camp that if they returned it would be impossible for them to go back in time before the train left to get the fish which were very much needed to replenish the larder of the emigrants. In keeping with the necessity for ingenuity, on the part of these early travelers, what did she do but take off her jacket, tie the sleeves with a string, fill them with fish, and so carry them to camp."

The Ax at the Roots of the Tree

BY WILLIAM HALLS, AUTHOR OF "SELECT WRITINGS"

"And now also the ax is laid at the root of the trees; therefore every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

When the Lord revealed to Joseph Smith that all the Christian churches were without divine authority, that "they teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof," the ax was laid at the roots of the tree of modern Christendom. The Prophet Daniel saw the time that the God of heaven would set up a kingdom that should break in pieces all other kingdoms, fill the whole earth, and stand forever. The ax would be laid at the roots of all human churches.

When the Lord gave the Latter-day Saints the law that governed the people in the day of Enoch, the ax was laid at the roots of plutocracy, pauperism, strikes, lockouts, boycotts, anarchy, tyranny, slavery and militarism: "And the Lord called his people Zion, because they were of one heart and one mind, and dwelt in righteousness, and there was no poor among them." Being equal in material privileges, and none being poor, there was no incentive to industrial strife, nor any cause for war. In the revelation called a "Word of Wisdom," the ax is laid at the roots of intemperance, and physical, mental and spiritual degeneracy. The law of "celestial marriage" lays the ax at the roots of divorce, suicide, prostitution, and all unlawful commerce of the sexes. All these trees bearing forbidden fruit must be hewn down, not to leave the field barren, but to give room for the "tree of life" that its branches may fill the earth, whose leaves (the principles of the gospel of Christ) "are for the healing of the nations."

When the elders go into the world and proclaim a new dispensation, and testify that the priesthood has been restored by the ministry of angels, that the Church of Christ is organized

with all the officers, doctrines, ordinances and spiritual gifts that were in the Church in the days of Christ, they put all the members of the Christian churches in general, and their ministers in particular, on the defensive, since to accept the authority of the elders is to deny their own authority. A man that is educated exclusively for the ministry, who has a congregation that furnish him and his family a living, if he should be convinced of the divine mission of Joseph Smith and the truth of the message of the elders, a change would come into his life, new conditions would be forced upon him. If he continues in the ministry, he must act in violation of his convictions, and the consciousness of hypocrisy will destroy his self-respect, his peace of mind, and his hopes of future reward. His mind will be darkened till he will be led to fight against the truth. On the other hand, if he should resign his ministry, and become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he will lose the respect of his congregation, and his present means of living. To take the Cross and despise the shame, under such conditions, requires such faith and courage as few men possess. The ax is laid at the root of his pride, his social standing, and his means of support. The same is true, but in a less degree, with the lay members. As in the days of Christ, so today, the gospel is apt to set father against son, mother against daughter, children against parents, and master against servant. We have known a father to disinherit his son, a mother to turn her only daughter out of doors, regardless of what might befall her. We have seen children turn against their parents, and a master discharge his servant, because of their joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The ax was laid at the roots of parental, filial and fraternal affection.

A young man in a good position, with every prospect of advancement, is called to go and preach the gospel among strangers, for several years, to give all his time, labor, and several hundred dollars, bearing his own expense. The ax is laid at the root of his worldly prospects. A young woman is acquainted with a young man, a non-member of the Church, who makes her an offer of marriage; her affections say, "Yes;" but her conscience says, "It is not wise. It will bring sorrow and disappointment," and so she says, "No." The ax is laid at the root of her most ardent desire.

The Savior said to the man who had kept all the commandments pertaining to the moral law, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven, and come and follow me." The merchant sold all he had to purchase the pearl of great price. The price of eternal life is self-denial and sacrifice; yet in the application of this law, it is not the design of the Lord to keep his people poor, but rather to make them rich. By self-denial we overcome those habits that weaken our bodies, darken our minds, and bring us under the bondage of sin; and we adopt those habits that give us health, wisdom, and freedom from the bondage of sin. By sacrifice we overcome selfishness and learn to use our means wisely for our own happiness and the good of others. Jesus said to his disciples, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

When men use their wealth in the right way, the more they have the better. The man whose income is ten thousand dollars, and who pays one thousand in tithing has nine thousand left. The man whose income is ten hundred dollars and pays one hundred in tithing, has but nine hundred left. While each is justified, one can do more good than the other. In making sacrifice for the gospel's sake there is no risk, as the reward is sure. Jesus promised "a hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come, eternal life."

The young man who goes on a mission makes a good investment of his time, labor and means. He gains an experience that lifts him to a higher plane; life means more to him; he has a brighter conception of his relationship to his Father in heaven, and to mankind. The Spirit of the Savior animates his soul, his charity and sympathy are extended; he is a broader and better man. We must be stripped and washed clean before putting on the wedding garment. All our evil trees must be hewn down before we can partake of the fruits of the tree of life. In this dispensation of the fulness of times, the Lord is pruning his vineyard, he has given to Joseph Smith, and, through him, to the elders of Israel, the keys of the Priesthood, with a divine mission to lay the ax at the root of every principle of evil that leads in the broad road to destruction; and to plant in their own hearts, and in the hearts of all who will receive it, every principle of good that leads in

the narrow way to eternal life. This in order that when the Bride-groom comes the Church may be clothed in righteousness, as a bride prepared to meet him. This work has to be carried on by mortal men and women having all the imperfections common to fallen nature to overcome, and though they may be criticized and opposed, and their weaknesses magnified in the eyes of the world by misguided men, the Lord of the Vineyard is watching over his servants, and directing their labors, and at the appointed time he will come and reward every man according to his work, and no faithful laborer will be condemned because of his weaknesses.

MANCOS, COLO.

Don't be a Scrub

A story is told of a leading banker of Salt Lake City, not a member of the "Mormon" Church, who, in relating his experience with men in his employ, was heard to say:

"I haven't any use for a 'Mormon' elder who smokes; there is something wrong with him; his character is the kind that we cannot tie to."

Asked the reason why he held that opinion—for he employs and is pleased with a number of "Mormon" men who do not smoke, although he, himself, smokes, as do most of his non-"Mormon" clerks,—he said:

"The Latter-day Saints are taught that it is wrong to use tobacco, or strong drink. This thing is impressed upon them from the beginning. It is a vital part of their religious teaching. They have grown up with the idea. Young men go on missions and teach these principles to the people of the world. Now, when men of this class return and use tobacco in any form, or drink, there is something wrong about them, and they are not the kind of people I want in my employ."

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, the great Latter-day Saint educator, once said, and he may have had reference to this class of people:

"Do not be a scrub, nor a weed."

From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers

The Original Diary of Erastus Snow

EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW

XVII

In the July number, the returning pioneer company was left on the Loup Fork. The journal continues: We crossed the Loup Fork about twenty-five miles above the old Pawnee mission. The water was about the same depth as when we crossed it in the spring. Elder Amasa Lyman and a few others of the best horsemen left us after crossing the Loup Fork to go to Winter Quarters and carry news of our near approach and to return and meet us with provisions. For some time previous we had subsisted almost entirely upon animal food, and when we passed the old station we gleaned a few ears of corn from the fields, which was quite an addition to our diet and seemed to us quite a luxury. We crossed the Elk Horn river on the 30th of October, and camped upon the east bank. Here we were met by a large company of brethren from Winter Quarters with horses, carriages and wagon loads of grain and provisions for ourselves and teams. With them we had such a meeting as none but partners in tribulation realize. We ate, drank and rejoiced with them that night, and early on the morning of the 31st we started and drove into Winter Quarters, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and were welcomed again to the bosom of our families and friends. My family I found in tolerably good health, though one less than when I left. My lovely little Mary Minerva had fallen asleep August the 4th, age ten months. Brother Edwards, whom I left in charge of my family in the spring, had been sick and had raised but little for the sustenance of my family. My stock were also nearly all used up, some in one way and some in another. Some had died, some lost upon the rush bottoms by the herdsmen last winter, others killed by the Indians, etc., so that out of nineteen head which I had one year ago, I had five left. Then I needed

all I had, now I have no use for more than I have. When I need more to prosecute my journey with my family to the Great Basin, I trust that the Lord will open the way by which I may get them.

Soon after the return of the pioneer camp, in accordance with the wish of the general government of the United States, it was resolved by the Saints west of the Missouri river to vacate the Omaha lands next spring and those who cannot go to the valley, to re-cross the Missouri river and settle upon the Pottawattamie purchase.

About the 10th of December, some forty-five or fifty of the "Mormon" Battalion arrived in Winter Quarters from the coast of California, via Salt Lake. The weather was so cold that the Missouri river was frozen over in places when they arrived. They had suffered much and some had perished by the way. They had been compelled to subsist for some time upon their worn-out horses and mules. By these brethren, we received letters from the Saints in the valley as late as the 18th of October, which gave us an account of the safe arrival of the emigrating companies in the city of the Great Salt Lake, and of the general health and prosperity of the Saints there.

During the month of December I spent two weeks with Mrs. Snow visiting our friends and brethren on the western side of the Missouri river, visiting and preaching in several different branches, and all the Saints attended the special conference held December 24, 25, 26, and 27, in the log tabernacle, a commodious block house 63x43 feet, which had been built during the three weeks previous in extremely cold weather, by the Saints upon the Pottawattamie district, expressly for the conference. It was one of the best conferences ever held in the Church, and although the Saints generally were in the depths of poverty and want, yet they were full of the riches of the grace of God—peace within and joy in the Holy Ghost. Much rich instruction was given, and among the business transacted was the organization of the quorum of the First Presidency over the whole Church, and the appointment of Father John Smith to be the patriarch over the whole Church. It was also determined in council to send delegates to the rich Saints in the southern and eastern states to solicit from them donations of money and clothing for the relief of the poor and distressed Saints to enable the council and the

camp of the Saints to prosecute their journey to the Great Basin. Elder E. T. Benson of the Twelve and myself were appointed to visit the eastern and middle states, and Elder A. Lyman and Preston Thomas, the southern states.

Elder E. T. Benson and I visited New York, Boston and many other eastern towns and states, soliciting aid. Some received us kindly and contributed money and clothing, but by far the greater portion of the people turned a cold shoulder to us. We left Winter Quarters about the 1st of January, 1848, and returned about the first of April. While traveling, we were sometimes together and at other times traveled separately, visiting different places.

On my return trip I passed through Ohio and visited the Kirtland Temple, and at St. Louis fell in with several returning elders and a company of Saints with whom I ascended the Missouri river. Soon after our return to Winter Quarters there was a general stir and bustle getting ready for starting with our families to Salt Lake Valley, and gathering our year's supply of seeds and provisions. Most of my oxen had perished during the winter or had been eaten by the Indians, and I was under the necessity of yoking up my cows and all my growing stock to work with my few oxen which were left, in order to haul the wagons for the journey.

I started in company with Presidents Young and Kimball, and had a very pleasant and agreeable journey, my teams holding out well and my family enjoying good health. We reached our destination with much joy on the 20th of September. Soon after our arrival I was appointed one of the presidency of the stake, and during the following winter I was called and ordained into the Quorum of Twelve Apostles (Feb. 12, 1849), together with Charles C. Rich, Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards, these all filling vacancies caused by the apostasy of Lyman Wight and the re-organization of the First Presidency out of the Quorum of the Twelve.

From this time on, the labors of Erastus Snow were so intimately connected with the early settlement of southern Utah, Arizona, Colorado, Nevada and Mexico that he ceased to keep a private journal. His history now becomes a part of the his-

tory of the various colonization missions of the Church. In closing this series of articles we deem it appropriate to include a discourse delivered by Erastus Snow in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, July 25, 1880, on this subject, which will appear later in the ERA.

Elder William W. Farley, who labored in the Louisiana conference, has returned home and reports the conference in excellent condition. The elders have disposed recently of much literature, especially the Book of Mormon, which has been used as their principal tract. "Mormonism" is fast taking root in the hearts of the self-thinking class of people, and "manifesting itself in the spirit of investigation and wishing us God-speed, though we meet people who oppose us. Yet, as President Young stated, 'Mormonism' is like a rubber ball, the harder you kick it the higher it bounces. We have several organized Sunday Schools throughout this state doing good work in teaching the gospel. Elders in the picture are, right to left, standing: C. C. Pendleton, Cedar City; T. Norton Brunker, Willard; Price Brinkerhoff, Woodruff, Arizona; William H. Facer, Malad, Idaho; Joseph W. Alston, Magrath, Canada; Austin Sessions, John T. Grant, Chesterfield, Idaho; Frank Hartle, Vernal. Sitting: Alexander Brown, Lehi; M. W. Lewis, Kamas; Bennett Lindsay, Heber; J. H. Hutchison, Marysvale, Idaho (center); Thomas L. Butterfield, Riverton, Utah; Ray Parkinson, McCammon, Idaho, Conference President; Eugene Morris, Beaver; William W. Farley, Peterson, Utah.



Be Prepared Now

BY PROF. J. C. HOGENSON, OF THE UTAH STATE AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE

"Now," is the voice that nature breathes
To those her book can read;
The changeful cloud, the fleeting beam,
The fading rose, the restless stream
Confirm her warning creed.

"Now," is the word that wisdom writes
On palace, hall and bower;
The buried past from hope is free;
The future, what is that to thee?
Improve the present hour.

"Now," though another morn may rise
In purple and in gold,
Thine eye, made dim by failing breath,
And shrouded in the dust of death,
May not its light behold.

"Now," not tomorrow, oh, my soul,
Obey the Master's call,
Lest darkly on the scroll of fate
Stand forth the dreadful doom—too late,
And thou be 'reft of all.

The boy scout movement which is creating so much interest today has as one of its fundamental rules, "Be prepared." Be prepared for what? for anything and everything that comes your way. In other words, be prepared for the duties of life. The duties and positions as they come to us, cannot wait for us to prepare ourselves for them, but we must be prepared for them when they come. So I say the, "Be-prepared"-rule in the Boy Scout Law is a splendid rule. There are always positions for those who are prepared, but the person who is not prepared is always looking for a place, and seldom gets it, and if he finds one, does not keep it long. This is an age of usefulness and efficiency,

and those who have both of these qualifications are well prepared and equipped for life's work.

Procrastination, the putting off of duties and the non-preparation for the duties to come, is one of the great evils of the day. Nature never procrastinates. The seasons come in their turn, day follows night, sunshine showers, and all through we find no hesitating but everything coming along exactly in its time and season.

There is perhaps no one who is affected so much by procrastination as the farmer, who depends upon the natural moisture in the soil for the growing of his crop. Crops for their development must have a certain amount of moisture. It is the business of the farmer, to conserve this moisture by effective cultivation. This is done by deep plowing, by thorough harrowing, in the spring, so as to form a mulch which prevents the escape of moisture, and also the growth of weeds. If this work is not done when it should be, most of the moisture is lost by evaporation, and as a consequence the farmer gets no crop.

I shall give one illustration. During the month of May a farmer was plowing his land. He was induced to harrow one acre immediately after plowing, and to leave another acre as the plow had left it unharrowed for one week. Samples of soil were taken to the depth of eight feet upon both of these acres, just as they were plowed, and it was found that they both contained about sixteen per cent, or 2,560 tons of water on each acre to the depth of eight feet. After one week, samples of soil were again taken, as before, on the acre that had been harrowed and also on the acre that had not been harrowed, with the following results: the acre that had been harrowed contained about 15.5 per cent of moisture, or had lost only one-half of one per cent during the week, while the acre that had been left rough as the plow had left it contained 10.5 per cent. During that week the sun had drawn out of that rough soil to the depth of eight feet 880 tons of water, or enough, if conserved in the soil, to mature 19.5 bushels of wheat. The farmer who harrows when he ought to, as early in the spring as possible, conserves his moisture and gets a good crop, while the farmer who procrastinates and allows his moisture to evaporate gets no crop.

There is a particular time for doing everything, and if it is

done then, the best results are always secured. We might say with Shakespeare, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries; and we must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."

"Procrastinating Peter, short of tools and seeds;
Eight and eighty acres growing up to weeds!
Ere the summer's ended, you will hear him growl,
Nothing has done well for him, crop, nor beast, nor fowl."

Be prepared, or the duties of life may come and find you procrastinating. The person who is not prepared is usually the "knocker," while the prepared man says of the days as they come:

"These are the best days!
Stars were never brighter,
Hearts were never lighter,
Songs of birds and rippling brooklets
Never were more sweet;
There were never fairer flowers
Than those at our feet,
In these fair days, these rare days,
The best days of all!"

"These are the best days!
Skies were never bluer:
Friends were never truer:
There was never less of sorrow,
More of joy and song,
Than we find beside our pathway
As we trudge along
In these fair days, these rare days,
The best days of all!"

The best days of all! Surely these days are exactly that; and there is yet the heartsome knowledge that there are better days in store than the best that we have known. We have only to trust, to persevere, to declare good in all our ways; to believe in it; whatever the present seems, to hold fast to it in the very teeth of impending disaster. If we do this, there can be no doubt of the result; nor need we worry how or by what path our good will come to us—indeed, that very worry is most apt to defeat its own

end, or to put it further from us. We must know, with the "Sage of Concord," that our welfare is dear to the Heart of Being; that the best is the true, and that we cannot set our ideals too high. Often it may happen that because we do crave the best, because we do hitch our wagon to a star, we meet disappointments which for the time seem bitter enough. One for whom we have cared proves unworthy of our faith in him; a business venture meets disaster; or we fail to accomplish one thing or another on which we have set our hearts, and then comes the world-old question, "What's the use?" and our mental sky is dark with discouragement. Yet, if we "hold fast," the days to come will bring to us a friend that is true, a larger success than would have been possible in the business venture that failed, a higher attainment than we dreamed. If we keep to the best and the noblest, everything not in accord with those ideals will drop away. We should never be sorry for that, but rejoice in the expectation of "something better than we have known."

In a certain land which shall be nameless there is a sermon in stone: at every turn of the road three little carved images, one above another, the first with finger on his lips, the second with fingers on closed eyes, and the third with finger tips thrust into his ears: "Speak no evil—see no evil—hear no evil!"

To refuse to listen to unkind things is to be negatively good; to say kind things is to be positively good. There is a difference. We once knew of a dear little woman who by her tact and friendliness kept an entire village, naturally quarrelsome, good-natured, sweet and wholesome. It was long ago, before the word "knocking," as applied to chronic faultfinding, was coined, or "burning the hammer" thought of. Everybody in the village loved the plain little woman, who owned a plain little home, and sewed for a living that was not always abundant. Her rule was, "If you're going to tell anything, tell the best you know or have heard, and keep the rest to yourself."

One of the neighbors, a well-to-do farmer, hired a boy from a rather shiftless family, and one day Miss Abigail asked how the lad was getting along. "He's no good," said the farmer. "I'm going to let him go when his month's up; we're out of all patience with his slipshod ways."

"Why-e!" said Miss Abigail, "I always thought he was a real likely boy."

"So he is," acknowledged the neighbor. "He's got the making of a fine, smart man in him. I wouldn't ask better help, if he'd take an interest in his work, but he won't. I guess it's his bringing up, but I can't bother to teach him new tricks."

A little while after, Miss Abigail, on the little porch that overlooked her neighbor's cornfield, saw the recreant lad cutting across lots with his fishing-pole. He came out by the little house. "Hello, Jimmy!" called Miss Abigail. Jimmy looked up rather shamefacedly. "Come and get a drink of cool buttermilk," piped Miss Abigail, cherrily. "I'm glad you've got your work done, so you can go fishing. Only a little spell ago I was talking to the deacon about you, and he said he wouldn't ask better help when you take an interest, as, of course, you do. He says you've got the making of a fine, smart man in you."

The boy lifted his head and looked straight at Miss Abigail. "Did—did the deacon say that?" he asked.

"His very words," declared Miss Abigail.

There was silence for a moment. "Can—can I leave my pole here till after supper?" asked the lad. "There'll be plenty of time then, an'—an' I ain't got my work quite done."

Back to the cornfield he went; and all the long, sultry afternoon he hoed and pulled weeds. And Miss Abigail had another little talk with her neighbor, who had the deepest respect for her judgment; and the boy stayed; and today he is of the "foremost citizens" of the little town, respectable and respected. That was Miss Abigail's way; she gave everybody the biggest and best estimate possible, and everybody lived up to it, as everybody is pretty sure to do. Isn't there a lesson right here for us all?

It is our duty to give to our fellow-men the best there is in us. We can, if we will, rise above our environment, if it has not been the best, and make of ourselves that which God intended us to be, successful, pure and God-fearing men and women. Hans Christian Andersen illustrates this point of rising above our environment in his "Ugly Duckling," where he says, "It matters not if one is born in a duck yard if he was lain in a swan's egg." That is: it matters not where or under what environment one is born, if he has within himself the will power and determination

to make something of himself. It is a common saying, "He can who thinks he can." In other words, in order to succeed, a person must have confidence in himself. If he goes about his work with doubt in his mind, as to whether or not he can do the work, in nine cases out of ten it will result in failure. Such a person has an atmosphere of failure about him, and is really defeated before the battle is begun. If a person has confidence, which comes from thorough preparation, he has an atmosphere of a conqueror about him, and has really won the battle before it is begun. Success always lies in learning well the things we undertake to do. This, of course, requires long study and toil in preparation, but proficiency, understanding and success along every line come only through study.

Many people say, "I do not believe the gospel; I see nothing in it." Why? Because they have not made it a study. They have only given it a passing glance, and do not understand it. We could see nothing in, nor could we enjoy, the so-called sciences, if we had not studied them so that we understand and comprehend them. What would you think of a man who said, "I do not believe that there is anything in astronomy, or chemistry, or bacteriology, or the practice of medicine or law, if he were ignorant of them and had not made a study of these sciences and professions? You would immediately conclude in your mind that he did not know what he was talking about, and that he was a man of poor judgment and could not be relied upon. Yet, with regard to the gospel of Christ, many reason in just that way, they say there is nothing in it, before having made the least study of it, perhaps not even having learned its first simple doctrines and teachings. No one, who has made a thorough study of the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints, has ever been able to say, "There is nothing in it;" because it is so full of inspiration, so full of good and glorious principles that any person with the Spirit of God burning in his soul cannot help but be lifted up and made better by understanding these principles. Yet, the things of God are understood only by the Spirit of God, so that if a person studies with a prejudiced mind, not being open to conviction, and not having the Spirit of God with him, no inspiration or enlightenment can come to him.

Be prepared now for the inevitable hour, for we know not

the day nor the hour when it shall come. How grand it is to see persons ripe in age, whose life has been filled with good deeds, happy and contented as the hour draws near, ready and glad to meet their Maker face to face! How contrasting this would be to a scene where one is called who is not prepared, whose life has been full of idleness and selfish deeds, pleading for a little longer time in which to change his mode of life and prepare himself! Are we prepared? now? today? If not, we should be preparing.

Then wake up, and do something,
More than dream of your mansion above;
Doing good is a pleasure,
A joy beyond measure,
A blessing of duty and love.—*W. L. Thompson.*

The Golden Age lies onward, not behind;
The pathway through the past has led us up:
The pathway through the future will lead on, and higher,
If we will but do our best,
And do it now.

LOGAN, UTAH

Sleep

I hail the close of feverish day	The luring voice that calls to me
When I may sleep;	From out the deep
My sorrows soar on wings away,	Grows dim across the stilly sea;
Ah, could I bid the shadows stay,	My phantom boat is sailing free,—
That I might ever sleep.	I sleep,—sweet restful sleep!

I yield my eager grip of things	Full compensation for the light,
So I may keep	A time to reap,
Inviolate the rest that brings	From fitful day a brief respite;
The silent night on sable wings,	Enfolded in the arms of Night,
And sleep,—sweet restful sleep!	I sleep,—sweet restful sleep!

The bitter tears have ceased to gail;
No more I weep.
The boon of Night is come to all,
Forgetful now beneath her pall,
I sleep,—sweet restful sleep!

LOUIS W. LARSEN.



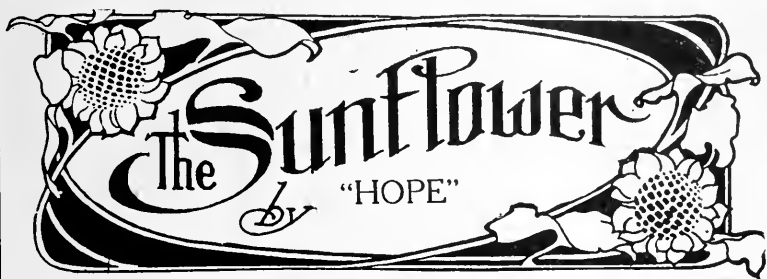
THE HARVEST MOON.

Sonnet written on the Plain of Shoshone.

The sun has gone, around the twilight falls,
Dark in the west doth crouch each cedar'd butte,
Pale stand the jagged Rockies' distant walls,
The earth is hushed, the solemn air is mute.
And in the east, where purple skies are clear—
The river hath its mighty passage hewn—
Round, full and ruddy bright, a golden sphere,
Above Shoshone lifts the Harvest Moon.
For ages lay untilld this waiting soil,
Unchanged this plain beneath a stainless dome,
And now the harvest answers to man's toil,
This moon looks down, and in each grove a home:
Where roamed the savage, or lay battle-slain,
Behold the farmer's wealth in sheaves of grain!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.





The Sunflower

by "HOPE"

Clothed are the hills and the valleys below
With rich yellow tints in the sun-set glow.
To make the rich Autumn scenes the more fair,
The countless sun-flowers are blooming there.
A whispered welcome to the dawn is sent
As to eastward at morn each head is bent.
Through the day, you hold to the sun your face
To feel his warm kiss through infinite space;
And thus you follow the god on his way
Till westward you look at the close of day.
Your grace so sturdy, ah: now we may view
Nature's gift to Autumn, 'neath skies of blue.
By the road you stand till October wan,
When the white frost comes and your life is gone.
Your days have been honest, and bright, and strong—
A glad note you add to Nature's wild song.



Editor's Table

The Presidential Election

The forthcoming presidential election is one of profound importance, and opens to the student a wide field for the study of applied political economy, as well as for leading social questions that are before the nation to be solved.

No reasonable citizen who has investigated the political situation, with a view to learning the true status of the claims set forth by the various political parties, can in any way justly find fault with the present administration. President William H. Taft has met the just needs of the people and the economic demands of the country with steadfastness and wisdom. In the treatment of the great questions that have come before the nation, he has risen to the occasion and applied such conservative legal remedies as have won him true admiration from patriotic citizens of all parties.

The extremely delicate situation with Mexico has been handled by him in a way to establish confidence in his ability, and notwithstanding the criticism of his action, in this matter and in that of the Central American republics, time will doubtless prove that his policy is best. Most people do not understand what intervention in Mexico would have meant when it was most advocated. American colonists, in large numbers, were distributed over various scattered sections of that country, and had not the situation been handled as carefully as it was, war would inevitably have been the result. War would have meant the destruction of railways and perhaps the massacre of many Americans in the interior. It would take a long time for soldiers to reach points where they could be a protection to the colonists, in view of the great stretches of cruel desert which would have to be traversed. The recognition of the rebels, besides making war almost inevitable, would have given them a legal standing. At present they are looked upon as mere citizens in arms, and the Mexican government may be held responsible for their depredations, which

might not have been the case, had they been recognized. Everything considered, the administration has dealt properly with this very delicate situation. The colonists who were driven out were well treated by our government, being provided in their extremity in great kindness, with food and means.

The only charge of any consequence that the opponents of President Taft bring against him is that he has been and is a tool of the "Interests," which means, doubtless, that he unduly favors "big business," or trusts. His administration has proved the contrary, and the careful student will find that he has done as much to regulate the trusts as was ever done by any other incumbent of the presidential chair, and he has done it legally. He believes strictly in the judicial application of the law in these cases, and as firmly as any one in the need of just and fair laws to deal with the important question. It is a perplexing problem, which not even the experts know just how to handle, and which can not be solved by a mere change of presidents. President Taft believes in finding out what is necessary, and then in applying the law as a remedy without resort to unconstitutional means, to lawlessness and anarchy. This has been his policy, and what he has accomplished has been effective without being revolutionary and illegal.

At no time has the country been more prosperous than now, and as far as politics may affect prosperity, the people of the country have no occasion to complain at the administration, on this matter. So that, on the whole, whatever may happen through the elections in November, whatever may be the final outcome of the people's choice, it is clear that President William H. Taft has made a good president, and his administration has been a success. Should the people call him once again to the presidential chair, it is not likely that they will regret it, but, on the contrary, will find their action wise, sensible and sound.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Close of Volume Fifteen

This number of the ERA closes Volume 15. We are grateful to our friends, to the Church and Mutual officers, and to our subscribers and writers, for the support given our magazine in the past. We invite attention to the announcement for Volume 16,

and solicit every present subscriber to send in his renewal on the blank found in this number. From writings already on hand and promised, we can truthfully insure our readers a continuation of the high class, instructive and interesting literature for which the ERA is conspicuous. We shall appreciate prompt action on the part of our loyal friends of the Y. M. M. I. A. who have been, or will be, appointed to canvass the wards and stakes of the Church for Volume 16, and bespeak for them the kind consideration of Church officers, and the public generally. Thankful for past success, we look forward to a year of unexcelled prosperity and usefulness for our magazine, and invite the kind co-operation of all our friends to this end.

Messages from the Missions

Elder Thomas E. McKay, who presided over the Swiss German mission, gave the following report to Elder Rudger Clawson, president of the European mission, before his departure, on February 29, 1912, to his mountain home. It was printed in the "Millennial Star." He presided over the mission about three years, and the following statistics give an idea of the work done during the three years of his presidency—1909-10-11:

"Today, February 29, 1912, at 2:30 p. m., our boat left the port at Liverpool. In a few hours all sight of European shores will have vanished from view. It will be three years next Tuesday, March 5, since I arrived at headquarters in Zurich. The following statistics will give an idea of the work that has been done during the three years 1909-10-11:

"Number of families visited in tracting, 762,422; number of gospel conversations, 594,002; number of tracts distributed, 2,499,320; number of books distributed, 94,466; number of hall meetings, 11,429; number of cottage meetings, 3,552; number of open-air meetings, 175; number of Priesthood meetings, 2,190; number of fast meetings, 1,962; number of elders released, 231; number in field December 31, 1911, 169; number of members now on record, 6,120; number baptized during the three years, 2,431.

"I think our elders, as well as our members and friends, have just cause to be proud of this splendid record. We shall be disappointed, however, if it is not greatly improved upon during the next three years.

"This is a beautiful world after all—God's world, and it's his work in which we are all engaged. You have heard this testimony from me many times, but I want to bear it again. I love you all; and my only desire has been, and is now, and always will be to help you; to do and say those things that will help you to be happier; that will bring us all nearer our Father in heaven."

Elder S. W. Merrill writes from Gisborne, New Zealand, May 24: "Little is ever heard through the ERA from the New Zealand mission. We are too busy with our duties to report our work. We labor both among the Europeans and the Maoris, teaching them the gospel of Christ. The elders herewith are laboring in the Waiapu district. Elders Matthews and Ricks labor among the Europeans at Gisborne. They meet new friends every day. Elders Virgin and myself are laboring among the Maoris in this district and are enjoying our labors very much. Left to right, standing: J. S. Matthews, Castle Gate, Utah; L. S. Virgin, Sugar City, Idaho; sitting: E. A. Ricks, Benson; S. W. Merrill, Trenton, Utah.



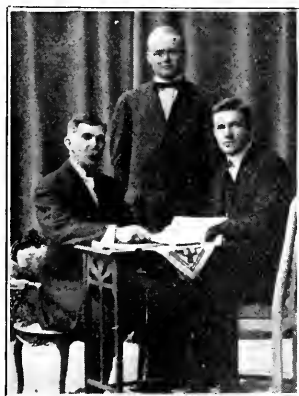
Elder A. E. Peterson, writing from Battle Creek, Michigan, May 28, says: "We have two lady missionaries and four elders in this district. We have made a systematic canvass of nearly all the factories here giving a series of five tracts published by the mission. We have had good success in distributing them, having passed thousands of tracts to the working men, and to the moving picture shows, when the 'Victim of the "Mormons"' was here. We have a few Saints and a good class of friends. On May 26, I baptized two exemplary persons, and a large group of friends and strangers came to the river bank to witness the sacred ordinance. We have never been represented heretofore in the ERA. Elders, left to right: A. E. Peterson, Carey, Idaho, presiding elder; A. C. Cluff, Pima, Ariz.; Joseph S. Williams, Blackfoot, Idaho; front row: Ruby Tattersal, American Fork; P. R. Helm, Calders Station; Sarah E. Meeks, Thurber, Utah.



Elder Lorenzo Swenson, Christiania, Norway: "During the past two years we have learned that each time the enemy persecutes us, fresh impetus is added to our cause. Ministers in this country are diligently working against us. Tracts and books derogatory to Utah and her people have been published, setting forth the alleged immoral conditions existing, and the awful slavery to which the women are subjected in Utah. Lectures have been held warning the people against conversation with the horrible 'Mormons.' On March 26, Pastor Karl Schriner lectured in one of the largest halls in Christiania, at which

1,130 people attended, but happily they were not all sympathizers with the speaker. Since this lecture was held, exposing the "Mormons" and warning the people how dangerous their organization is to society, our meetings have been better attended than ever. Elder Anthon J. T. Sorensen spoke lately to a congregation of some six hundred people. The accusations were refuted, and the truth was told about the Latter-day Saints. Though many had to stand during the meeting, there was no disturbance; hence, this pastor's lecture did us a world of good. Twelve elders are laboring here in Christiania. We are happy in the faith and know that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God.

Elder Fred C. Mickelsen, president of the Trondhjem conference, Norway, writing May 5, 1912, says: "President Andrew Jenson, Martin Christopherson and I visited the chief of police and had the pleasure of a private conversation with him.



While he gave us to understand he was not our friend, he did guarantee us the same protection that other religious bodies receive. President Jenson improved the opportunity to relate some facts regarding our faith, and we feel that good was accomplished. Prospects are bright here. We have baptized five persons in the past two months, and have several good investigators. The elders are: Martin Christopherson, president of the Scandinavian mission, John H. Evenson, and Leroy L. Larsen, all of Farmers ward, Granite stake, Utah. Evenson and Larsen labor in Bado, which lies

within the arctic circle, in the most northerly branch of the Church in the world.

Elder J. Eugene Lichfield writing from Sunderland, England, August 3, says: "We are still doing all in our power to maintain our rights to establish the truth. No doubt all have read something concerning the agitation in this city and the tirade of abuse and slander from the mouths of some would-be religious leaders who are either innocently misrepresenting or willfully and maliciously lying concerning Utah and her people. Owing to their agitating the more ignorant class with their weird stories of woman slavery in Utah, we have had a very lively and exciting time for about four months. Even our meeting-house has been very roughly handled. Windows have been broken, furniture damaged, books destroyed and sign-board demolished. On two occasions the mob forced its way into our meeting and threw out the elders, Saints and friends alike, regardless of sex or age.

Ultimatums were served by the mob notifying us to leave by a certain time fixed by them, or take the consequences. They went so far as to try to frighten, and then to bribe, our landlady to have her turn us out of lodging. The mob began at a street meeting on March 30 and continued until stringent measures were taken by the officers of the law two weeks ago. On that occasion one hundred police officers were in the vicinity, and mounted men were in readiness for action if needed. At times there were ten thousand people around the meeting house to escort us home, and when the city fathers did not have a goodly number of men in blue coats on the scene the elders came in for exciting if not interesting journeys to their lodgings. Lately several arrests have been made and fines of one pound and cost inflicted. This seems to have cooled the zealous anti-'Mormon' leaders, and we are now able to walk to and from the church without being escorted by several thousand hoodlums led by religious bigots singing, 'We'll hang all the 'Mormons' on a sour apple tree.' Since the strong arm of the law assumed its rightful position there have been no more rotten eggs nor brick bats thrown at us as we elbowed our way through the crowds to the church door. All seem to be coming to their right minds, and once more peace is gaining supremacy in this part of Christian England. The Saints have been valiant and have attended their meetings through thick and thin. The weather is very cold and stormy, and on account of the windows being out, our meeting house is exceedingly well ventilated. In spite of our trouble, many investigators attend the services, and we have good opportunities to explain the gospel and to give a reason for the hope that is within us."

Elders in the picture are: Joseph Parmley, Winter Quarters, Utah, secretary; J. Eugene Lichfield, president,

Provo; sitting, Nathaniel Ludlow, Spanish Fork, branch president; Victor E. Gilbert, Winter Quarters, Utah.



President Hyrum W. Valentine, writing from Zurich, June 11, says: "During the last few years we have been busy building up strong branches of the Church. We have been advising the people not to emigrate, but to stay and help the elders in spreading the message of life and happiness. You realize that our freedom in Germany is very limited, as often the elders are banished as undesirable for-

eigners. In spite of this, we have grown and increased considerably so that quite a number of our branches compare very favorably with our organized wards at home. Some, I think, are larger than a good many in the organized stakes of Zion. I enclose a picture of the



Zurich branch choir. There are about twenty choirs like this one in our mission, and all of them are doing a great deal of good. In fact they are a very great factor in getting our friends to meetings and getting them interested in the gospel. We enjoy reading the ERA, and profit by the splendid information contained therein.

Elder Leonard B. Christensen, of Richfield, and William H. Squires, of Hyrum, Utah, state that they have a Sunday School in Helsingor, Denmark, which was organized May 14, 1911, and has thirty-two members enrolled. It is a real live organization in spite of the fact that the outside element is continually endeavoring to hinder its progress. There are thirty-eight members of the Church in the branch, the greater number of whom reside in Helsingor. The city has about 40,000 inhabitants, and is located in the northeastern part of Sjælland on a point projecting into the beautiful Oresund, which is but two miles wide at this place. The famous Kronberg castle, at one time the proud mistress of the north, to which all foreign vessels were required to pay toll for entrance into the Baltic, holds commanding view over the sound. It is also prominent because of the fact that it was the scene of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Prospects for the growth of the gospel in this branch are very favorable, and the elders have been quite successful in the past.

Rebecca Atkin, writing from Chicago, Illinois, June 26: "The true light of the work of the Lord is being placed before the people from day to day, and the result is growth. We feel impressed with the people we have met in North Chicago, and have had the privilege of bringing the truth to many. We are holding cottage meetings every night with the people and begin to see the fruits of our labors. Many good, honest people are here, and the missionaries are putting forth



their best efforts to place our literature before them. Elders, reading from left to right, top row, are: J. H. Buckmiller, A. N. Smith, A. H. Wells, C. Stephens, John Schenk; bottom row: G. F. Wendell, Viola V. Howard, Rebecca P. Atkin, Leona Ossman, N. B. Chugg

Elder Martin Mortensen, writing from Toronto, Canada, July 9, says: "On June 23 we held our summer conference at Toronto attended by Mission Secretary W. S. Langton, ten elders laboring in the conference and Saints and friends in and near Toronto. We have some twenty-five members in Toronto with many friends who are interested in our work. We have a Sunday School with all local officers, regular hall meetings on Sunday and cottage meetings almost every night in the week. Four elders are laboring in western New York and report meeting many friends and distributing considerable literature. They are re-visiting where elders worked years ago and hope to find some of the fruits of the labors of their faithful predecessors. Two elders are traveling through Canada and report some little bitterness, but are making progress towards allaying it.

President A. Lester Francom, writing from Konumui in Wairarapa, states that their district conference, recently held, was enjoyed by a large number of Maori Saints and friends. The elders baptized one member and two more are ready for baptism. The elders are laboring hard, often through mud and rain, for the advancement of the cause. The marriage photograph herewith shows one of the many beautiful marriage ceremonies which President O. D. Romney is performing from time to time. The Maori people are fast setting aside



their old customs of marriage and are adopting the European custom—a far better one. The couple shown in the picture, who are being married, are Te do Te Whaiti, and Te Rena Te Maari. The group of elders are: President O. D. Romney and wife, to the left; and standing, left to right, Conference President A. Lester Francom, William Bird, Wesley J. Beck, H. H. Jensen, D. H. Wood, and Barrey W. Harris.

Elder P. E. Wrathall writes from Muskagee, Oklahoma, May 26: "The 'marvelous work and a wonder,' commenced by the restoration of the gospel, is moving forward with successful strides in this district. Prejudice is diminishing gradually, and the people are beginning to understand our doctrine in its true light, and as a rule prejudice is displaced by admiration. People are coming to hear the truth explained and investigate for themselves, refusing longer to listen to the old worn-out tales told by fabricators."

Elder Howard S. Standage, writing from Rock Island, Illinois, June 15, 1912, reports that during the first week in June the elders laboring in that place sold seventeen Books of Mormon, 80 small doctrinal books, and performed one baptism. The branch of the Church is in a thriving condition, and they have a number of investigators whom they expect to baptize in the near future.

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Finish Your Course.—Every Priesthood quorum is specially requested to finish the 1912 course of study by the end of the year, so as to be prepared to take up the new course on the first of the new year. The quorum classes should now be in full operation with a regular attendance.

Bishops and Priests Quorums.—From statistics in possession of the Presiding Bishop's office, it is ascertained that out of the seven hundred and thirteen wards in the Church, there are only one hundred and eight in which priests' quorums, or parts of quorums, are presided over directly by the bishops. In the remaining six hundred and five wards, the bishops have not yet taken direct charge of their priests. This matter is engaging the attention of the Priesthood Committee, and every effort is being made to have a priests' quorum, or class, organized in every ward where possible, and have the bishops take it directly in hand. To this end bishops are invited to read Presiding Bishop C. W. Nibley's article on this subject in the September ERA, copies of which have been sent to all the bishops, and additional copies may be obtained on request to the Presiding Bishop's office, and then to put forth their efforts, as far as possible, to establish a quorum of priests and preside directly over them in their respective wards.

What Deacons Can Do.—As one more example of what deacons of a ward can do, we have an illustration from Burnham, New Mexico, where the meeting house is chiefly cared for by the deacons who keep it clean both outside and in. The visiting authorities, at a recent conference, were greatly delighted with the neatness and cleanliness of the house and premises. Even a deacon was stationed at the entrance with green branches of trees to keep out flies when the screen doors were opened. Inside it was cool and refreshing, notwithstanding the day was hot, and the hall was refreshingly free from flies. The deacons seemed to take special delight in thus keeping the hall comfortable and the public grounds in good order. The activity of the deacons in this ward may well serve as an example which, adopted in other wards, will not only tend to the comfort of the people but to give the youth useful work and teach them to respect and hold in reverence public property, church buildings, and grounds.

Suggested Text-book for 1913.—As a text-book for the Melchizedek priesthood for the year 1913, volume 2 of the Church History has been

suggested. No other book could be more suitable for the purpose, and while the committee have not yet definitely fixed upon this course, the contents of this volume, as summarized in the introduction, by B. H. Roberts, will confirm this statement. Whether or not it is adopted, every member of the quorums of the High Priesthood should familiarize himself with the history and principles set forth in this important Church work:

"In this second volume is recorded the arrival of a delegation from the exiled Saints in Missouri, seeking advice and the word of the Lord from the Prophet; the organization of Zion's Camp for the deliverance of Zion; its march from Kirtland to Missouri; its rich educational experiences; its disbandment and the return of many of the brethren to Ohio; the establishment of a school for the Elders at Kirtland, the first educational movement in the Church; the discovery of the Book of Abraham; the organization of the first, or Kirtland High Council; the organization of the quorums of the foreign ministry, the Twelve and the Seventy; the publication of the Doctrine and Covenants; the completion and dedication of the Kirtland Temple; the purification and spiritual endowment of the Elders of the Church; the appearance of Messiah in the Temple declaring His acceptance of it; the appearance of Moses, Elias and Elijah, on the same occasion, delivering the keys of their respective dispensations to the Prophet of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times; the commencement of the ministry of the Twelve among the branches of the Church in the eastern States of the American Union; the misunderstandings that arose between them and the Presidency of the Church; the revelations of God which came in consequence of their misunderstandings, more clearly defining the rights, powers, and relations of the respective quorums of the Priesthood; the peaceful exodus of the Saints from Clay county, Missouri, and the founding of Far West; the opening of the first foreign mission by sending two of the Twelve and several Elders to England; the attempt to mass the several industrial pursuits and temporal interests of the Saints under one general concern, the "Kirtland Safety Society Company;" the failure of that concern in the general financial maelstrom that swept over the country in 1837, hastened also—sad to relate—by the unwise management and dishonesty of some of the incorporators and directors; the manifestation of excessive pride and worldliness on the part of some of the Saints at Kirtland; the disaffection of many hitherto leading Elders of the Church against the Prophet Joseph; the extensive apostasy of many Elders and Saints in Kirtland; with the account of which calamitous events this volume closes."

Mutual Work

The M. I. A. Fund

BY THOMAS HULL, OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

In the year 1891, a number of missionaries were called and set apart to go into all the stakes of Zion, in the interest of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. Just before they started upon their labors, a meeting was held in the office of the First Presidency, in Salt Lake City, at which Elder Moses Thatcher, who was then one of the General Superintendency, presided. At that meeting several topics were discussed and one of the missionaries present suggested that some funds were necessary for the work of the organization, and proposed that a fund be collected from each member annually. This proposition met with instant favor, and the M. I. A. Fund was inaugurated. It was made fifty cents per annum.

In 1897, when a new impetus was given to the Y. M. M. I. A., an effort was made, with considerable success, to awaken an interest in the fund. The collections in 1897-8 were \$900, and the balance in the treasury on March 31, 1898, was \$800, and this was a considerable advance over previous years. About this time the plan was adopted of allowing the stakes to retain a certain percentage for stake expenses, and the receipts rapidly increased. A little later, at the suggestion of Elder Heber J. Grant, the fund was reduced from 50 cents per annum to 25 cents, the whole amount to be forwarded to the General Board, with the result that the collections increased until, in 1902-3, they reached the sum of a little over \$2,600. The collection has reached very nearly that amount on several occasions since that time, but for some time past the amount has been falling off.

The collection for the M. I. A. year 1911-12 was \$1,943.44, while the disbursements on account of the purposes for which the fund is collected were:—General Expense, \$2,060.98; Missionary Expense, \$950.70; total, \$3,011.68 or \$1,068.24 more than the total amount collected during the year.

During the earlier years when the effort was put forth vigorously to push the collection of the fund, the expenses were much lower than they now are. The traveling expenses of the Board members were *very* much lower, for the reason that in those years half fares were given to all the Board members to *all* railroad points, while today full fares must be paid to all points outside of Utah, and only

very few of the members of the General Board, who hold free transportation, can use it for any part of an interstate trip. During those years of lighter expense, a balance was accumulated, so that, notwithstanding the fact that last season the collections fell nearly \$1,100 below the expenditures, we were still able to meet the necessary expenses. It is easy to see, however, that this condition cannot long continue, for our balance is not large enough to permit, except for a very limited time, such a serious draft upon it. It has always been our ambition and, so far, our pride, to have at least sufficient for one year's expenses on hand at the beginning of the year. Since the year 1897, the year of the inauguration of what may be termed our financial era—the year in which the IMPROVEMENT ERA was launched and the fund was given impetus, the Y. M. M. I. A. has never been in debt, has never paid one cent of interest, has never been a borrower but, on the contrary, has always been a lender and has *drawn* interest. Our organization has never defaulted in a single instance, but has met every obligation promptly and in full; in fact it has been a complete financial success. We cannot afford now, to permit it to even falter in this splendid work; this splendid example to our young people. Yet, unless we wake up in the matter of the fund, we shall, ere long, be in danger of failure in the financial department of our work.

Now, a word as to the uses to which the Fund is put. In the days when we had no means, we necessarily could incur but very little expense, and that little, or most of it, had to be met by the Church. Now, however, and for the past fifteen years, the M. I. A. has been a very live organization in the Church, and such an organization necessarily costs considerable to keep it up. The uses to which the Fund is put are the payment of salaries of General secretary, stenographer, fieldman, office assistants, office rent and general expense, stationery, printing, furniture, etc. The amount referred to as expended for missionary expense in the figures given above (\$950.70) is the expense incurred by members of the General Board, in traveling to and from the conferences and conventions of the M. I. A., and in filling appointments made in response to requests for speakers in outlying wards and stakes. I have named every avenue of expenditure of this fund. No part of it is used for any other purpose than for the legitimate and proper expenses of the office and Board. The annual entertainments given to the representatives of the stakes and wards at the General M. I. A. conference, in June, are not paid for, in any part, from this fund. Furthermore, only a portion of the expenses named—salaries, office rent, furniture, etc.—are paid out of the fund, these expenses all being apportioned between the ERA. General fund, and Manual accounts.

The present permanent enrollment of the Association is 33,969, and the active enrollment is 23,554. If the fund were collected from the *total active enrollment*, therefore, the income would be \$5,888.50. Think of the energy that would be put into the work if this amount

were received each year. Libraries could be established, gymnasiums equipped, the scout work inaugurated, and the vocation and industries work given impetus in the stakes, and Board members could make more frequent visits to stakes and wards. All Mutual Improvement activities would receive renewed life, and the associations become, in every ward, the powerful agency for the uplift of the young men of Israel, which it is their mission to be.

Now as to the value of the fund, to the members who pay it, as an educational factor:

It is part of our financial system, the success of which has already been referred to and which is certainly an inspiration to all our young men.

It affords a lesson in the responsibility of membership—the duty of each to bear his share of the burdens of the organization established for his good and in the benefits of which, as a member, he participates.

It furnishes a good primary training in the value and blessing of giving. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." According to the Apostle Paul, these are the words of the Lord Jesus. In his second epistle to the Corinthians, Paul, in speaking upon the subject of giving, says:

"But this I say, he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for *God loveth a cheerful giver*." Then follows a promise: "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." (II Cor. 9:6-8.)

In Proverbs 11:24-25, the following remarkable passage occurs:

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered himself."

In the same chapter, in verse four, we read:

"Riches profit not in the day of wrath; but righteousness delivereth from death."

The young man who pays his M. I. A. fund is getting a training in manliness—he bears his share of the burdens of his organization. He will bear, manfully, his share of the burdens of society—the burdens of citizenship. He will never be found shirking his financial or other responsibilities, and permitting some one else to carry all the burdens, while he pulls down a full share of the benefits. So, too, the boy who is so taught and trained that he gladly complies with this little requirement, will be found faithfully and cheerfully paying his tithes and his offerings—will become one of the financial supports of the Church. It is humiliating to hear it said that this fund is burdensome to the young men. Think of it—one half cent per week—2 cents per month—25 cents per year, burdensome! To permit

such an idea to gain currency among our boys and to encourage it in the least degree, is to train them in penuriousness and littleness, to train them down instead of up.

I hope the day will never come when we shall abolish the M. I. A. Fund, for that would remove from our organization one of its most valuable educational factors.

The Improvement Era—Trust Funds *

BY BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS

A question handed in for answer relates to the ERA canvass, asking that it be made by regularly employed agents, thus freeing the hands of the M. I. A. officers to insure better collection of the fund. In referring to this subject of canvassing for the ERA, I wish to call your attention to the fact that it is a dangerous thing to change the method of procedure, so dangerous that, in my judgment, it involves the question of the success of the magazine. It has entered on its fifteenth volume. It began in 1897, without a dollar of capital. The only capital that we had in view at all was the loyalty of the young men of Israel to the cause of Mutual Improvement; and we capitalized, so to speak, that enthusiasm, that spirit of loyalty, and we went out in various directions, representatives of the General Board, and put the question squarely to the young men of Israel. We had been without an organ for some length of time; no means of communication between the head of the organization and the different associations in the Church, and there was, at this time, truly a seriously felt need of a means of constant communication, that the spirit and life of the General Board might be infused into all the associations. So we went before these young men, called their attention to this condition, and told them that we had no capital or means of instituting such an organ, unless they should come to our assistance and take capital stock in this movement to the extent of paying two dollars in advance for the magazine, and they responded handsomely, with the result that the IMPROVEMENT ERA was started upon the capital of the loyalty of the youth of Israel, and we have depended upon that loyalty from that day to this. Part of that loyalty is expressed in the work of canvassing for our magazine, being done voluntarily on the part of the members of the Mutual Improvement Association.

*Remarks at the officers' meeting, Saturday, June 8, General Annual Conference.

And by reason of the magazine being relieved from the expense of employing special canvassers for the IMPROVEMENT ERA, I attribute the fact that we have been able to do a great missionary work, in that we have, from the commencement of our magazine until now, through fifteen years, supplied our missionaries, ranging all the way from 1,500 to 2,000 copies every year, thus giving them the means of using our literature in their fields of labor, but more especially for their own instruction and generating within them the spirit of instruction. It has been one of the great missionary factors in the Church, and I believe that the young men who have filled missions abroad would say, amen, to that, if they could give expression to their convictions about it.

So, that when we appeal to the associations to continue in this work, to relieve the magazine from the responsibility and expense of employing special agents, I would like them to carry in mind, as they proceed with this work, that they are doing missionary work, because it is only by reason of relieving the magazine of that responsibility that we are able to continue the sending of this magazine to our missionaries free of charge. You are not engaged in any sort of drudgery, when canvassing for the ERA, but you are representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in its missionary work abroad.

Moreover, we ought to keep in mind, and we ought to instil it into the minds of all the members of the associations, that every man owes the community something, some service that he will give gratuitously in order to perform his part in the community work, and we want to get away from the sordid spirit that demands remuneration in cash for services rendered. I have admired, beyond expression almost, the spirit that comes with the service that has been rendered through so many centuries in the British Parliament, where the great representatives of the Commons of England have given their services free to that country, and have felt honored in doing so. Now, varying in degree, that should simmer down to us, and we should perform very much of service in our community, and community life, that does not involve the matter of dollars and cents. We do it as our contribution to community activities, and this ought to be instilled into the minds of those who are canvassing for the ERA. Now then there is great danger if we should change our system of canvass from voluntary, generous-hearted missionary work involved in this canvass, as at present conducted. The result will be that there will be a great falling off in our subscription list, for I do not believe that the paid service of expert agents will be equal to the voluntary service by the members of our association.

We would be deprived of training in another direction, and that is in the handling of trust funds, and I am reminded here, this morning, by one of the brethren, that that is an item that ought not to be overlooked. I would not like to say that there is any dishon-

esty involved on the part of those who are entrusted with this work; but I am informed that we would be astonished at the amount of delinquency in the turning over of funds that come into the hands of agents and fail to reach the office of the ERA. There is no lesson so much needed in American life today as that which would teach the sacredness of trust funds. All along the line of American experience, you can find the great need of impressing men with the idea that funds entrusted to them are more sacred than other funds, and ought to be accounted for promptly, because there is nothing that so much measures the moral training of men in lines of honesty as the manner in which they meet their obligations incurred in handling trust funds; and you presidents of associations want to have an eye to that. It is an item that is educational in a way. You want to have an opportunity of saying a word in due season to some young man in this work who may be neglectful and careless in relation to it. You may have the opportunity of speaking the word that shall be the corrective to a manly life, and watchfulness in regard to it is one of the things needed.

Well now, brethren, let us not disturb the present arrangements for canvassing for the ERA. There was a long list of our activities spoken of yesterday which represent decline, decline, decline! In many of our activities we appear to be losing ground. Now I can account for part of it in the fact that these associations are in a transitional stage, and much of our class work, our theological work, has been turned over to the priesthood quorums, which is all right and proper; and we feel as if we were deprived of occupation because of that great amount of interest and of work that has been taken out of our society by reason of that change, and we have not yet readjusted ourselves to these new conditions. But, brethren, this report that represents a losing out in some of our activities, should be a stimulus to us not to abandon more, as we would have to do, by giving up our present method of conducting the canvass for the ERA. Let us rather close up the ranks and stand more and more for our great cause of Mutual Improvement. Give up whatever else you will in the auxiliary work of the Church, but let it be again confirmed by action of this conference, and of every officer in attendance upon it, that Mutual Improvement is to give up nothing, and is not to be moved out of its place.

There is at no point in the work of the Church so much need of perseverance and revival as in our Mutual Improvement work. The Sunday schools, the primaries and the religion classes deal with the youth of our people at a time when they are anxious to go to those places, when they will cry if denied the privilege of getting to the Sabbath school on time, or to the primary. We catch them at an age when they are running away from Sunday school, playing "hooky" from religion class, and when they will avoid primary work if they can do it. We catch them right between manhood and boyhood, when they need us most, and I tell you that Mutual Improvement must

remain, will remain, to accomplish its great, desirable mission in the Church.

Some Problems in Athletics*

BY LYMAN R. MARTINEAU, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON ATHLETICS AND FIELD SPORTS

In behalf of the General Board, I am expected to occupy about ten minutes on "Some Problems in Athletics." There are so many problems, and such a wide field to cover that ten minutes is a very brief period, to say much.

I have a slogan at the head of my paper, which reads: "It is more important to play than to win." That is the first problem in athletics with us. It would not be the first problem in the colleges or universities, but it is the first problem with us, at this stage of the work in our associations, because we have hundreds, perhaps thousands, of our people who are not yet converted to athletics from the correct view-point that "it is better to play than to win," or, that it is more important that we play than that we win. We have not established athletics in the associations for the purpose of making records, as has been often done in colleges and high schools, but we have introduced it into our associations for the purpose of recreation, and for the purpose of playing something, and of promoting moral, physical, and mental vigor in the ranks of the young men who do not go to high school, or to college, or who have left both. In our correspondence, which has been quite vigorous and extensive, we find that many are not willing to engage in athletics, or at least to commence it in an organized way, in the associations, because, they say, they think they do not need it. They say: "We have no athletic club; nobody here who can win anything." Here, today, the Athletic Committee declare to the representatives of the associations throughout the Church, that this is not the view-point from which we want to talk. We want to play for the playing, and for the organization and the organized plan it gives us in which to discipline the boys and young men in athletics and to direct their enthusiasm.

"Some Problems in Athletics" means in reality a part of the bigger problem, "The Boy." Athletics in the M. I. A. has a higher purpose than mere recreation. Our track-meets are not primarily to make records, but are a part in the program to make men. The mission of the Mutual Improvement Associations is to save and develop our boys and young men, and an important element in their development is giving them such physical, mental and moral vigor as shall place them in the highest standard of efficiency. It is highly important

*Given at a Y. M. M. I. A. officers' meeting, June annual conference, 1912.

that our officers obtain the correct view-point of this branch of our work, and a strict adherence to it will then solve many of the problems that arise. One problem arose the other day, in a nearby stake. A committee had been appointed in that stake to take care of meets. Jealousy arose between certain wards in the stake, and certain men were barred for certain reasons. Disputes arose, and letters were written to us, asking us to adjudicate between them. Our answer was that they would better be satisfied to play under inferior rules than to destroy their work under superior rules, or by undertaking to follow superior rules which were not settled or understood. So that, if we bear that view-point in mind, it will solve many of the problems that arise. We say that in every ward where there are young men, there is also a field for the cultivation of these fundamental elements of excellence.

I refer to a little extract from a book on boys, showing the natural tendency of the boy:

Convincing proofs that this early social instinct craves development as much as that of adult man, and suggestive indications of the ways in which it turns and may best be turned, are seen in a study of those interesting organizations which boys themselves spontaneously create. Dr. Henry D. Sheldon furnishes figures as to the spontaneous activities of American children as bearing on adolescent boyhood. How general the expression of this social instinct is, is seen in the fact that of 1,034 responses of boys from ten to sixteen, 851 were members of such societies. This did not include societies formed for boys by elders, and it did include many boys who from isolation never had the slightest chance for such society making.

The study of the societies which children spontaneously form ought to be more suggestive than that of those which elders in their adult wisdom or ignorance form for them. From 1,022 papers collected, there were reported 862 societies. The ages were from ten to seventeen. Of 623 societies fully described:

Social clubs (for "good times") numbered 28, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Industrial organizations numbered $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Philanthropic organizations numbered $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Literary, art and musical clubs numbered $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Predatory societies (migratory, hunting, building, fighting, preying, etc.) numbered 17 per cent.

Athletic and game clubs numbered 61 per cent.

The period of greatest activity of these societies is between ten and fifteen—over 87 per cent being formed during those ages.

Physical activity is the keynote of these societies at all ages, and must be made the basis of social work for boys if it is to reach and hold their natural instincts. Other things may be accepted or endured by them, but this is what they care for. A contract which begins with athletics, walks, physical development and manual training, may ripen into the literary, the scientific, the ethical and the religious influences. But it would seem wise to utilize the ruder instincts which are on the surface before reaching down to the deeper ones.

I want to say that in a test which this recent authority made in a number of cities, sixty-one per cent of the boys who came together in voluntary associations were in favor of athletics, that in every

community there is an element in favor of athletics that must be taken care of. Some say they do not need athletics. It seems to me that all young men need them. Where is there a ward without the idler, the "kicker," the tempter, who especially need them? There is a crisis in the adolescent period of every boy. The change from boy to man is a physical change. New ideas come to him; and he obtains a broader view of things, and a thrill of conscious power and self-reliance stirs the blood that hitherto has readily yielded to parental rule. The anxious parent needs help under these conditions. There is need to give direction to the hot blood and enthusiasm of youth, rather than to allow it to be wasted in the mania for speed, or lost in the stagnant stupidity that comes from idleness and bad company. The boy needs constructive discipline, and he needs some one to associate with, who has a purpose in life and who, understanding the boy-spirit, may teach him that organized play is better than destructive deviltry or stupid idleness.

Enough, perhaps, on this first problem in athletics—the need of a correct view-point. The second is the problem of leadership. Qualified brethren are needed in every ward to organize and direct athletics, and to organize and hold those whose tastes and inclinations are receptive to this work. We have partially met this problem by giving a normal course in the gymnasium to about eighty men from various wards, during the winter. While this is a small beginning, it is the right thing to do, and will be continued until every association in the Church shall be provided with competent leadership.

Another problem is the place and equipment for athletics. Many have felt that without a well furnished gymnasium, they could not make any progress in athletics, etc. Under the suggestion of Secretary Hinckley and Director Day, of the Deseret Gymnasium, (which, by the way, I may say, on very good authority, is one of the best gymnasiums between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans), the normal course I have spoken of was organized to solve this important second problem. There were one hundred lessons in that course, one hundred subjects taken up in that program for the normal classes. And during the winter time, when men were thought to be less busy, they were invited to come here, representatives from each ward, to take that course. We held two classes, one, I think, in December, and the other in February. It was the testimony of all those men that their time was well spent, profitably spent, and they returned to their homes in a measure equipped to take the leadership and control of athletics in their respective wards.

Another problem is what games to play. Games, of course, are varied, and should be chosen to suit the facilities of each locality. Of course, we will meet difficulties, but must overcome them. For instance, the sports of the college and the high school do not attract all who can and ought to play. We have made, comparatively speaking, only a small beginning. There are at least fifty per cent of the boys

who do not belong to the Young Men's Improvement associations, or the Sunday schools. We want these boys to join in these athletic sports. It is better to get them in and get them to play for the benefit they can get than to create in them only a desire to win, as is sometimes the case in the schools.

Now as to the problem, the place to play and the equipment. A great many are eager, of course, to have the best equipment and the latest appliances—desire, in fact, to be supplied with a well-furnished gymnasium. The Deseret Gymnasium is a good example, but we cannot have such a one in every stake. We cannot have even ordinary halls, in many of the wards. The idea of the best athletes that we have is, that we do not need expensive appliances in order to have a profitable organization. You can play on the ground. You can take the conditions that surround you, whether they are favorable or unfavorable, sum up what your limitations are, and make the best of what you have, until you can get something better. Don't go into the big end of the horn, and come out of the little end. Don't make a big showing by collecting several thousand dollars and investing that money, and then falling flat with it. Better go a little slowly, build on a sure foundation, and commence something that you can finish. I would much rather see a stake resort to its natural facilities than overstep their possibilities. I am told they have in Box Elder nine base-ball clubs, and play ward against ward, until, in a final meet, they have a final try-out and a splendid game. You can do that on a campus, without a single bench, building, or gymnasium. These base ball games may be engaged in where you can't have anything better. Base ball makes a very good game. Get the boys organized and under your control, and encourage them not to break the Sabbath day playing ball, and you will thus have them organized in such a way that they will play to entertain and instruct your citizens, and employ their own energies, which would otherwise be expended on influences that are not worthy. So, until you can get the proper equipment, and have the dignity to maintain it, try and adjust yourselves to circumstances, both indoors and out. Facilities are varied, but in all places there are natural advantages and conditions that may be made use of.

I will have to pass over a great many other complex conditions which every student of athletics who is interested in the development of character and good citizenship is aware that the problem involves.

I wish we had time for some discussion, because I feel sure that if we could have only the opportunity of hearing from the superintendents, we could get much light that might help to establish organizations in the various wards of the Church. I hope we will keep green in our memory the splendid exercises we had in Scout work, at the Gymnasium last evening, and as soon as possible organize the boys throughout our wards and stakes in the M. I. A. Scout movement, as well as in athletics.

Passing Events

The Parcels Post service will begin on January 1, 1913, so Postmaster General Hitchcock notified the country Aug. 25.

Weavers and spinners of wool are wanted at the Provo Woolen Mills. Orders for cloth are coming in so rapidly that enough spinners and weavers can not be obtained.

Andrew Lang, one of the most versatile British authors, died July 21, in Scotland, age 68 years. He gained distinction as a critic, historian, translator, essayist, editor and poet.

Woman's Suffrage was defeated in a special election in Ohio, Sept. 3, and yet 41 amendments to the constitution were adopted, including the initiative and referendum and direct primaries.

Eugene V. Debs was formally notified at Terre Haute, Indiana, Aug. 24, the day of the adjournment of Congress, of his nomination for President of the United States by the Socialists.

The Prohibition Convention was held in Atlantic City, N. J., July 12, and Eugene W. Chafin, of Arizona, was nominated for President of the United States and Aaron S. Watkins, Ohio, Vice-president.

Clarence S. Darrow, the Chicago lawyer and Socialist leader, was acquitted of the charge of bribery, Aug. 17, in connection with the trial of J. J. and J. B. McNamara for murder in the Los Angeles Times dynamiting case.

Horace Howard Furniss, one of the most noted Shakespearian scholars in the world, died Aug. 13, age 78, at his home in Wallingford, Pa. He edited 14 of Shakespeare's plays and collated the notes on each by various other editors.

Most of the Elders in the Mexican Mission have been released owing to the political troubles in that country which resulted in the Mexican exodus of the Latter-day Saints. The situation is still very critical and it is not safe to return to the colonies.

The Elections in Vermont and Maine in September went Republican, though in Vermont by a plurality which places the election in

the hands of a Republican legislature who under the law, which requires a majority vote to elect, will have to choose the governor.

Nicaragua began a revolution on July 29, headed by General Mena, the secretary of war, who attacked the capital, Managua. The United States landed a force of marines on August 4, and 5000 were engaged during the month, and since, in trying to maintain order, and to prevent the destruction of American property.

Judge Enos Dorgherty Hoge died in Salt Lake City, July 27, 1912. He was born in Morgan, Va., July 23, 1831, came to Utah on July 3, 1865, and was territorial Judge during the administration of President Johnson. He practiced law in Salt Lake City over forty years, was city attorney two terms, and a member of the legislature many years.

A Monument to Orson Pratt was unveiled in the Salt Lake City cemetery, Sunday, July 21, 1912, in commemoration of his entrance into the Salt Lake Valley on that date in 1847. Great granddaughters of the pathfinder withdrew the flags that covered the monument, and addresses were made by Governor William Spry, President Charles W. Penrose, and Church Historian Andrew Jensen.

"False Modesty" is a book by Dr. E. B. Lowry which presents a convincing appeal for the proper education of young people in matters pertaining to sexual hygiene. Dr. Lowry is one of the foremost writers on this subject, and this little book contains many vital points of interest to every parent and teacher as well as to the young people themselves.—Price 50c, Forbes & Co., Chicago, Ill.

The Situation in Cuba was so grave that intervention by the United States was strongly advocated. Late in August our charge d'affaires in Havana was assaulted by a Cuban journalist. Our government demanded that the assailant be punished, the matter was considered by President Gomez and his cabinet September 1, and they decided to apologize to President Taft and besought him not to believe that Cuba intended any slight to America.

The Deseret News has just issued a revised edition of Nephi Anderson's interesting story, "Added Upon." Several chapters have been added to this new and 5th edition. The popularity of the beautiful story is increasing continually, and the new chapters will heighten it, since they bear out the interest which so captivates the reader in the old edition. The Deseret News Book Store will be glad to supply the demands of the public for this interesting work.

"Cutting It Out" is a book which explains "how to get on the water wagon and stay there." There is a sense of humor permeating

the effort of the author, which is delightfully refreshing, and gives some new and excellent pointers on the evils of the liquor question, without moralizing on, or even referring to prohibition. It considers the drink problem from the individual standpoint, blending it and practical common sense in a way that is sure to interest the reader. Author, Samuel G. Blythe; Publishers, Forbes & Co., Chicago, Ill., price 35c.

As a canning center, Utah is taking high rank. Eighty thousand cases, or two million 3-pound cans, of peas were canned and marketed at Riverdale alone, near Ogden, this spring; the canning of tomatoes began in early September, and it was expected that the canneries would put up five million 2½-pound tins before the close of the season. Add to this output the product of the many canneries of a similar capacity in northern Utah, and the total will reach unprecedented figures.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company have decided to spend two million dollars to standard gauge the present narrow gauge track between Salida and Montrose, Colo., a distance of 136 miles, over Marshall pass which was discovered in 1871, by Lieut. W. L. Marshall, and has an altitude of 10,856 feet. The present route is over Tennessee Pass, and when this new broad gauge is finished, sometime in the fall of 1913, two main lines will be operated by the D. & R. G. between Denver and Salt Lake City.

The Agricultural College of Utah has issued a booklet for those wishing advanced training in industrial science. The health of the farmer is hereafter to be a vital consideration in the college. A new course considers rural sanitation and health problems, and consists of lectures to be given by leading men of the state on various questions of health as these relate to the farmer. Among the subjects are pure foods, patent medicines, milk and meat supplies, sewage disposal, diet and health, personal purity, infant diseases, etc.

"The Best Wheat for Utah Farmers" was discussed by Dr. Robert Stewart, Professor of Chemistry in the Utah Agricultural College, in the July number of "Dry-Farming and Rural Homes." He condemns soft wheat for milling purposes, and among other things says:

"We find, then, that this condition confronts the dry-farmer of Utah. Right at his very door there is a market for a half-million dollar's worth of flour alone, if he will but produce the right variety of wheat, and yet the dry-farmer is worrying himself about trying to find a market for his produce in Colorado, California, and the Orient. Why not produce the kind of wheat which will be converted into flour which will readily sell at our very doors?"

Panama Canal Tolls were discussed by Congress, and a bill passed allowing American ships engaged in coastwise trade to use the Panama canal free. Great Britain protested that such action was a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty which pledges the United States to allow the ships of all nations to pass through the canal on the same terms. The British protest was disregarded, the bill passed and was signed by the President. On August 28, the British agent at Washington notified the State Department that Great Britain still believes the bill violates the treaty, and suggesting that it might be necessary to appeal to The Hague tribunal to settle the disagreement.

Dr. James E. Talmage had conferred upon him the title, Doctor of Science, by the Lehigh University of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, on June 11, last. Dr. Talmage is a distinguished graduate of this university, and the honorary degree which his alma mater conferred upon him is well earned, since the recipient has taken a forward place in the field of science and won merited distinction in many ways. He is a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Royal Microscopical Society, the Geological Society of Great Britain, Geological Society of America, and the Royal Philosophical Society of Great Britain. His work along educational and literary lines in Utah is well known.

General William Booth, founder and commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, died August 20, in London, aged 83 years. The following day Bramwell Booth, named for the leadership in his father's will, took command of the army. At the General's funeral, on Aug. 29, a crowd second only to those which attend funerals of kings and queens, were present when the body was lowered into the grave at Abney Park Cemetery, East End of London. The "Youth's Companion," closing an editorial on his life, says:

"A youth of fifteen, standing, slender and alone, on a chair at a street corner to exhort a roaring mob of hucksters. An old man honored as one of the great figures of his age, not because he had made money or solved any great problem of science or held high political office, but because he had made men better. That is the beginning and the end of a wonderful life."

Franklin J. Hewlett, President of the South African Mission, writes, July 26: "It seems as if the people in many places have gone 'Mormon' mad, when we consider that they are presenting some of the most unreasonable picture films known. We have two running here, 'The Danites,' and the 'Flower of the 'Mormon' City.' The 'Mormon' Victim' has just been sent up the country. With it all we have plenty of free advertising, and no reminder on the first of the month containing, 'Please remit as per statement enclosed.' Most of the pictures are so absurd that the better class of people begin to investigate for themselves, and so, in the long run, I know much good

will be accomplished. I enjoy the work. I have had some business and political experience, but this experience is the grandest of all. The missionaries here are doing their duty, and when their honorable release arrives, their consciences will be clear when they leave the results with the Lord."

New wards and changes in bishops, etc., as reported by the Presiding Bishop's office, for the month of July, 1912:

New Wards—Lakeside ward, Snowflake stake, with Alof Pratt Larson, bishop, and Jesse H. Rogers, ward clerk. Axtel ward, South Sanpete stake, with Marlin Sorensen, bishop.

New Bishops—George D. Anderson, Thatcher ward, Bannock stake, to succeed Nathan D. Thatcher. Henry J. Flamm, Rexburg Second ward, Fremont Stake, to succeed James M. Cook. Olaf P. Johansen, Archer ward, Fremont stake, to succeed George Briggs, Jr.

New Ward Clerks—Willard Whipple, Jr., Sholow ward, Snowflake stake, to succeed John M. Murray. Charles Jensen, Center ward, Wasatch stake, to succeed Anthon M. Hansen. Elbert H. Barlow, Holbrook ward, Malad stake. Ernest B. Woods, Batesville ward, Tooele stake, to succeed Ida Ekman. Frank E. Blair, McGill ward, North Weber stake, released. James C. Johnson, Huntington ward, Emery stake, to succeed Elias H. Cox. Lester Bingham, Maeser ward, Uintah stake, to succeed Morley Jones. Joseph Parry, Malad First ward, Malad stake, to succeed F. E. Jones.

New Wards, Changes in Bishops, Etc., for the month of August, 1912, as reported by the Presiding Bishop's office:

New Stakes.—The Millard stake was divided into two stakes, namely, Millard and Deseret. The President of the Millard stake being Orvil L. Thompson, with John A. Beckstrand, first counselor, and John A. Beckstrand, second. Adolph Hanson, stake clerk. The Fillmore, Holden, Kanosh, Meadow and Scipio wards comprise the Millard stake. The President of the Deseret stake is A. A. Hinckley, with Jos. T. Finlinson first counselor and Willis E. Robison, stake clerk. The Delta, Deseret, Hinckley, Leamington, Oak Creek, and Abraham branch comprising the Deseret stake.

New Wards.—Melba ward, Bingham stake, with Thos. H. Clifford bishop, and Wm. L. Johnson, ward clerk. Enoch ward, Parowan stake, with Chas. E. Jones, bishop, and Hyrum P. Jones, ward clerk.

New Stake Clerk.—Lee Roy Gibbons, St. Johns stake, to succeed Willard Farr.

New Bishops.—Orvil J. Cobbley, Riverside ward, Blackfoot stake, to succeed John Bitton. Samuel H. Larson, Castle Dale ward, Emery stake, to succeed Peter I. Akelund. Lehi N. Earley, Round Valley ward, Bear Lake stake, to succeed Isaac T. Price. Almon D. Robison, Fillmore ward, Millard stake, to succeed Peter L. Brunson. Jesse J. Bennett, Meadow ward, Millard stake, to succeed John A. Beck-

strand. Thos. J. Bennett, Shelley first ward, Blackfoot stake, to succeed Edwin Cutler. Archie Spilsbury, Toquerville ward, St. George stake, to succeed Wm. A. Bringham.

New Ward Clerks—John R. Revill, Lethbridge ward, Taylor stake, to succeed Leland Walder. Henry A. Pace, Price ward, Carbon stake, to succeed John Albert Pace. Jos. H. Fisher, Meadow ward, Millard stake, to succeed Jesse J. Bennett. Thos. H. Higginson, Hatch ward, Bannock stake, to succeed William T. Higginson.

State Tickets—Three parties are in the Utah political field with State officers. The Republicans chose theirs in convention, September 5, the Democrats, August 29, and the Progressives, September 14. The candidates are:

Republican State Ticket—For Presidential Electors, Mrs. Margaret Zane Witcher, Salt Lake, Eph Homer, Utah county, John N. Davis, Uintah county, and Edwin D. Woolley, Kane county. For Congressmen at Large, Joseph Howell, Logan, and Jacob Johnson, Spring City. For Governor, William Spry, Salt Lake. For Justice of the Supreme Court, J. E. Frick, Salt Lake. For Secretary of State, David Mattson, Ogden. For State Treasurer, Jesse D. Jewkes, Emery county. For State Auditor, Lincoln G. Kelly, Millard county. For Attorney General, A. R. Barnes, Salt Lake. For State Superintendent of Public Instruction, A. C. Nelson, Salt Lake.

Democratic State Ticket—For Governor, John Frank Tolton, Beaver. For Congressman at Large, Mathonihah Thomas, Salt Lake, and Tillman D. Johnson, Ogden. For Justice of the Supreme Court, Le Grand Young, Salt Lake. For Secretary of State, Charles England, Logan. For Attorney General, Joseph W. Stringfellow, Salt Lake. For State Auditor, John S. Blain, Spring City. For State Treasurer, John F. Mendenhall, Springville. For State Superintendent of Public Instruction, A. C. Nelson, Salt Lake. For Presidential Electors, Jesse Knight, Provo, O. W. Powers, Salt Lake, James Andrus, St. George, Thomas H. Fitzgerald, Salt Lake.

Progressive State Nominees, Utah—For Governor, Nephi L. Morris, Salt Lake. For Congressmen, Stephen H. Love, Salt Lake, Louis Larson, Sanpete. For Secretary of State, F. J. Hendershot, Jr., Weber. For Justice of the Supreme Court, Ogden Hiles, Salt Lake. For Attorney General, George N. Lawrence, Salt Lake. For Treasurer, O. W. Adams, Cache. For Auditor, Walter Adams, Utah. For Superintendent of Public Instruction, A. C. Nelson, Sanpete. For Presidential Electors, Hugh Deprezin, Juab, Mrs. W. H. DeWolfe, Beaver, Mrs. C. E. Coulter, Weber, G. J. Carpenter, Utah.

Wm. H. Taft, J. Woodrow Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt, respectively, head the tickets for the office of President of the United States.

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The Recent Mutual Track Meet of the Oneida Stake, according to the "Preston Booster," was a great success. The general board Y. M. M. I. A. of the stake put forth every effort to make the day a success, and it was so, both for the community and the organization, financially as well as socially, and in the way of clean athletics.

"Some Developments in Modern Chemistry," by Dr. Robert Stewart, one of the leading chemists of the West. The science of chemistry enters directly into the preparation of many of the things we wear, and of most of the things we eat today. This article is of timely interest and will appear in the ERA for November. Send for the ERA today. Only \$2, with 100-page manual free.

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